

# SOUTHERN AND WESTERN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

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## LITERATURE AND ART AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE vitality of a people—their capacity to maintain themselves in recollection and to perpetuate a name, through all the ordinary vicissitudes of empire,—is in just proportion to their sensibilities; and these are shown in due degree with their susceptibility to the impressions of art. The highest manifestations of this susceptibility are those of invention—the faculty to combine and to compare, to adapt, endow, and, from the rude materials furnished by the experience of the nation, to extract their intellectual and moral resources, whether of pride or of pleasure, of triumph, or simple consolation. The humblest manifestation of this sensibility is that of music, since this is one of the most universal known to man, and may be entertained, even in large degree, by nations wholly barbarous in every other respect. There is, perhaps, no primitive people so very rude and wretched, as to be wholly without one or other of these manifestations. In all probability music is one of the first. If not exactly a substitute for thought—as one of the British poets would seem to affirm,—it is yet apt to precede the toils of thought, and, possibly, to pave the way for it. Appealing directly to the senses, it serves to chasten and refine them, and, by subduing, or mollifying, the passions, it leaves the intellectual nature free to assert itself, and to maintain, by other processes, the ascendancy which it thus acquires over the brutal. Other developments follow, which are more or less modified according to the circumstances and condition of a country. These declare themselves, first, in rude attempts at material art; in outlines upon the wall; in figures wrought in clay; in uncouth attempts to connect narrative with music;—the germs, not to be overestimated in the analysis of a national mind, of its romance and poetry. These are bald or copious, fluent or constrained, wild or soft, according to the necessities, the habits, and the climate of a people. Where the nation, either directly, or through individuals whom it sends forth, have contact with strangers

who are superior to themselves in art and civilization, the exercise of a rude faculty of imitation necessarily precedes all native and original endeavor. Where this is not the case, the art springs, slowly and painfully, from the usages of the tribes, from their sports, their toils, their religion, the egotism of the individual, or the pride of the stock,—to all of which it imparts, or seeks to impart, by little and little, the attributes of form, grace, colour and dignity. At first, no higher object is aimed at, than simply to reconcile the struggling and impatient nature, yearning for better things, to a fate which seems unavoidable, and to a toil which needs assuasion. The shepherd is thus taught to find a solace, and perhaps a charm, in his rusting and wretched life among the bleak passes of the Alps; persuaded by his Melibæus, of the superior loveliness of a condition,—with crook, and pipe, and dog—from which he feels it impossible to escape;—and the squalid fisherman who draws his nets, and pursues his miserable occupation, along the gloomy edges of the northern seas, may well yield himself to those assurances of song which can only reconcile him to his own land and labour, by disparaging those of other nations as more wretched still. And thus it is that the poet becomes the first minister of a people, either to find a solace for the present, or to provoke prouder and more attractive hopes in another and more fruitful condition. Thus it is that we have the pastoral and piscatory Muse,—the Muse of a humble nature and inferior pursuits—to which it seeks to impart beauty and a grace, which nothing but the growing fancy, under this tutelage, enables the miserable laborer to behold. In this manner are the rude nomadic tribes hurried forward under the stimulating entreaties of the lyrist,—himself a hunter and a warrior,—to the invasion of distant forests. Thus the young savage grapples with the grisly bear, and confronts the she wolf in her den. War thus, is made to look lovely in spite of all its terrors; its dangers are wooed with the eager impetuosity of the bridegroom—its achievements form the objects of glory which a tribe most sedulously preserves for imitation—and the Bard justifies the crimes which are committed with this sanction; stimulates resentment, and impels the passions of the living, to emulate, by similar atrocities, the terrible actions of the dead. The Greeks, sung by Homer, were neither more nor less than highwaymen and pirates;—the chiefs and demigods of the northern nations, honored by Odin with highest places in Valhalla, were of the same kidney;—and both find their likeness in the hunter of the American forest—the dark, fierce, barbarian, Choctaw or Cherokee—whom we are apt to consider nothing more than the barbarian. But he too had his song, his romances and his deities,—good and evil,—even as the Hellenes and the Northmen; and his deeds were just as deserving as these, of their Saemund and Melesigenes. That they would have found their poet and historian to have given them as admirable a record as any of those which recount the deeds of Greek and Trojan, was a certainty to have followed hard upon their progress to that degree of civilization which would have brought with it the higher efforts of invention. The Greeks had no Homer till their wanderings were over; and, with the concentration of their affections and their endowments upon a fixed

abode, the American aborigines would have then looked back upon the past, gathering up with equal curiosity and industry, its wild fragmentary traditions. These, in process of years, they would have embodied in a complete whole, and we should then have been as rigidly fettered by its details as we are now by those of Livy and Herodotus. First, we should have had the crude ballads, the border minstrelsy, of the several tribes, descriptive of their wild and bloody encounters for favorite hunting grounds, or for the revenge of a wrong done to the honor of a proud ambitious family. These would have been welded together by a better artist in a more refined period, and a still superior genius, seizing upon this labor as so much crude material, would have remodelled the action, improved upon the events, brought out the noble characters with more distinctness, adorned it with new fancies and episodes, and sent it forth to admiring posterity, stamped with his own unchallenged impress. The rough story from which he drew, would, in the course of a century have been as completely forgotten, as were the still ruder ballads from which that was originally wrought; and nothing would have remained to future history but the symmetrical narrative, too beautiful for fact, which we cannot willingly believe, yet know not how to deny—a work too rich for history, yet too true to art, to be approached with any thing short of delight and veneration.

That these materials were in the possession of the North American Indians,—that these results might have followed their amalgamation into one great family,—in a fixed abode, addressed to the pursuits of legitimate industry, and stayed from wandering either by their own internal progress, or by the coercion of a superior power—are conclusions not to be denied by those who have considered the character of this people. They had all the susceptibilities which might produce this history. Eager and intense in their feelings, lofty and courageous in spirit,—sensible in high degree to admiration,—ambitious of fame,—capable of great endurance, in the prosecution of an object, or in the eye of an adversary,—they were, at the same time, sensible to the domestic influences—were dutiful to the aged, heedful of the young,—rigid in their training and hopeful of their offspring,—with large faith in friendship,—large devotion to the gods,—not cold in their religion, and with an imagination which found spirits, divine and evil,—as numerous as the Greeks or Germans—in their groves, their mountains, their great oceans, their eternal forests, and in all the changes and aspects of their visible world. Their imaginations, which carried them thus far, to the creation of a vast pneumatology of their own, did not overlook the necessity of furnishing their spiritual agents with suitable attributes and endowments; and a closer inquiry than has yet been made into their mysteries, their faiths and fancies, will develop a scheme of singular imaginative contrivance, with wide spread ramifications, and distinguished by a boldness of conception, which will leave nothing wanting to him who shall hereafter contemplate a dream in mid-summer for his Chickasah or Choctaw Oberon. These traits and characteristics of mind and temperament, constitute the literary susceptibilities of a people. These susceptibilities are the stuff

out of which Genius weaves her best fabrics—those which are most truthful, and most enduring, as most certainly native and original—to be wrought into symmetry and shape with the usual effects of time and civilization. Cultivation does not create, nor even endow the mind with its susceptibilities;—it simply draws them forth, into sight, and stimulates their growth and activity. Nor, on the other hand, does repose lose or forfeit the germinating property which lies dormant in the core. Like those flower seeds plucked from the coffin of the mummy of the Egyptian Pyramids, where they have lain, sapless and seemingly lifeless, for three thousand years,—they take root and flourish the moment that they feel the hand of the cultivator—springing into bud and beauty, as gloriously bright as the winged insect darting from his chrysalis cerements, with the first glimpses of that warming sunlight which is kindred in its sympathy to the secret principle suspended in its breast. Time and change are necessary to these results. As the flower seed which had no light in the waxen grasp of Egyptian mortality, transferred to the sunny plains of Italy, or even nursed in the warm flower palaces of England, shoots out into instant vitality—so, the nature of the savage, sterile while traversing the wide prairies of Alabama, or ranging the desert slopes of Texas, subdued and fettered by the hand of civilization among the hills of Apalachy, becomes a Cadmus, and gives a written language to his hitherto unlettered people.\* The most certain sources of a national literature, are to be found in the denseness of its population, in its readiness to encounter its own necessities—in other words, its willingness to labour in the domestic tendencies of the citizen—in the growth of intellectual wants—in the necessity of furnishing stimulus to pampered and to palsied appetites, and in the sympathy of the community, thus needing provocatives, with the talent which is required to provide them. These conditions obtained,—with the sensibilities already insisted upon,—and the literature of a people is a growth too natural in its rise, too gradual in its progress, to be traced easily in its transitions. All other conditions fulfilled, and its growth follows the requisitions of its people. In their summons, in their sympathy, the poet finds his birth and provocation. He scarcely asks their rewards. The eagerness of the Athenians after news—an eagerness which moves the patriotic indignation of the orator—was yet one of the prime sources of the popular intelligence,—by which the orator himself obtained his audience—which furnished strings to the grand organ of *Æschylus*, and filled the mouth of the Bee of *Colonus* with that honey which other bees can find there still. To this very appetite, this thirsting for the novel, they owed the beginnings of their drama, and all their other glorious arts. The exquisite finish of their first conceptions, was the duty of successive periods. As invention began to stale, taste ripened into fastidiousness. The massive outline, wholly beyond human ability to rival or surpass, was left in its acknowledged supremacy; and Genius, exhausted in the struggle for original con-

\* The allusion here is to the invention of the Cherokee Alphabet by Gess, a half breed—an event quite as worthy of commemoration among his people, as the achievement of Cadmus was among the Greeks.



quest, settled down to the perfection of details. This is a history. These are all achievements of the city, of the crowded mart, of struggling, toiling, conflicting masses. It is the progress of those masses, writing itself in stone, in tower, in temple, in all sorts of monuments. These are the signs of permanence, of a fixed condition, drawing resolutely from itself and from the narrow empire to which its domain is circumscribed. We can hope for nothing of this sort from a wandering people. They build no monuments, rear no temples, leave no proofs behind them that they ever had a faith, or an affection, a hero or a God! The hunter, and even the agricultural life, is necessarily thus sterile. Their capacities,—such as depend on the studious cultivation of their sensibilities,—are deadened and apathetic by disuse. But that we reason from first principles and just parallels, we have no right to know that they ever had sensibilities,—that they are not obtuse and incapable by nature,—an inferior order of creation having different uses, and a far inferior destiny. But we know better, and justly ascribe to pursuit and condition that which the unobserving judgment would refer to native incapacity. That sort of mental flexibility and aptitude, which, in a state of crowded society, is the necessary result of attrition with rival minds, conflicting temperaments, and continually arising necessities, yields, in their cases, to a cold shyness of character, a stern and jealous self-esteem, a hard and resolute reserve and haughty suspiciousness of mood, which leaves the individual wholly deficient in all the arts of conciliation. Confident in himself, his own strength and individuality, he lacks that love of approbation, that concern for the opinions of others, which is at the bottom of much of the ambition by which poet and painter are drawn to their tasks. He asks for no sympathy, does not expect it, perhaps scarcely cares for it in any degree. Is he not himself?—Equal to his own wants, fearless of foes, wholly indifferent of friends? It matters not much what you think of him, so that you do not question him. If he has a merit, a faculty, it is enough, for his own gratification, that he is conscious of its possession. He does not feel or find it necessary that you should quaff at his fountains. His light, if it burns at all, is carefully hidden beneath his own bushel. He has virtues, but they are not those which belong to, or spring from society. He is proud, and this protects him from meanness; generous, capable of the most magnanimous actions; hospitable,—you shall share his bread and salt to his own privation;—loves liberty with a passion that absorbs almost all others—and brave—rushing into battle with the phrensy of one who loves it—he prolongs the conflict, unhappily, long after mercy entreats to spare.

Such is the North American Indian. He probably bore an equivalent relation to the original possessors of this continent, with the barbarians of the Northern Hive to Italy, in the days of her luxurious decline. At the time of the discovery of America, he was very much the sort of savage that the historians represent the Gaul, the Goth, and Cimbrian to have been during the wars of Camillus and of Catulus, of the Scipios and of Caius Marius. The Teutones—the great German family, with all its tribes—were all of this complexion;

—neither braver, nor wiser, nor better, nor more skilful in the arts, nor possessed of a jot more of imagination and letters, at the moment when they first became known to civilization. The Saxon Boor when first scourged by the Norman into manhood and stature, moral and physical, had given scarcely more proofs of intellectual endowment than the red men of the great Apalachian chain. He was a christian, it is true, after a fashion; but christianity is properly the religion of civilization, and he was not a civilized being—far less so, as we know, in the time of Rollo, than was the Mexican during the reign of Montezuma. Of all these nations, North and South, the North American Indian—keeping in mind the parallels of time already indicated—was probably the superior person. He was quite as valiant, quite as venturous—had probably overthrown the more civilized nations of Central and of South America, and, as dim glimpses seem to assure us, had been the conqueror of a highly civilized and even white people in North America. He was fleet of foot, strong of frame, capable of great enterprises; of great powers of endurance; equally erect, large, and symmetrical—a model, according to West, for the conception of a god;\*—and not without some few of the arts of civilization, whether acquired by conquest, or by his own unassisted genius. His bow and arrows, his war club, his canoes, his own garments and decorations, were wrought, not only with considerable dexterity and ingenuity, but with an eye to the beautiful and picturesque. He had a picture-writing like the Mexicans, and was not without very decided beginnings of a literature. This may have been rude enough,—not so rude, however, as we are accustomed to think it—but it is sufficient that he had made a beginning. His genius answered for the rest. This differed considerably in the several families. Among these, the Catawbias and the Natchez, seem to have been most distinguished for an elasticity and grace of manner, which separated them widely from the sullen and ferocious Muscoghee. The Cherokees, however, had taken the most certain steps towards civilization. Their structures were more permanent, their towns more populous, and a large portion of their people had engrafted the farmer upon the hunter life. The laws of nature are so mutually provocative, that one step cannot well be taken without another. The moment that the habitation and limits of the barbarian become circumscribed, he begins to labour. This is of necessity. The extension of the abodes of man, and the increase of his numbers, is fatal to the wild beast of the forest,—to the forest itself—and it becomes really easier to find food from labour, in the earth, than to wander remotely, in too distant regions, to the probable encounter with superior enemies, furious at any intrusion upon their hunting grounds. This, in fact, was the secret cause of the moral improvement of the Cherokees. The Creeks boasted to have made women of them. They had whipt them into

\* The reader need not be reminded of the famous anecdote of the American painter West, who, on seeing the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, exclaimed, "My God! how like a young Mohawk warrior!" The coincidence was not in the mere symmetry of frame. It was the eye, the breathing attitude—the mind and music in the air, action and expression.

close limits, where they were compelled to labour,—and labour,—a blessing born of a penalty,—is the fruitful mother of all the nobler exercises of humanity. Hence, the progress of the Cherokees—their farms, their cattle, their manufactures, their discovery of the alphabet, their schools, their constitution, and newspaper,—all the fruit of their subjection, by the Muscoghees and other nations, just before the first English settlements in Virginia and the Carolinas. Had these English settlements been such as a mighty nation should have sent forth—had the colonies been such as issued from the fruitful ports of Carthage,—thirty thousand at a time, as were sent out by Hanno,—what would have been the effect upon the destinies of the red men of America. They would have been rescued from themselves, and preserved,—a mighty nation, full of fire, of talent, of all the materials which ensure long life to the genius and to the eminence of a race. The good people of England were not the morbid philanthropists that they have become in latter days—latter day saints, putting to the blush such poor pretenders as those who read the golden plates of Mormon, and look out for the fiery advents which disturb the dreams of Parson Miller. They would have subdued the aborigines, as William of Normandy subdued the Saxons. An European colony of ten thousand men would have done this. They would not have paltered with the ignorant savages, flattering their vanity in order to conciliate their prejudices and disarm their anger, as was done by the feeble settlers at James Town, and other places. They would have overrun them, parcelled them off in tens, and twenties, and hundreds, under strict task masters, and by compelling the performance of their natural duties—that labor which is the condition of all human life,—would have preserved them to themselves and to humanity. Properly diluted, there was no better blood than that of Cherokee and Natchez. It would have been a good infusion, into the paler fountain, of Quaker and Puritan—the very infusion which would put our national vanity in subjection to our pride, and contribute to keep us as thoroughly independent of the mother country, in intellectual, as we fondly believe ourselves to be in political respects. But we are becoming too discursive.

Our imperfect knowledge of the Indian,—the terror that he inspired,—the constant warfare between his race and our own—have embittered our prejudices, and made us unwilling to see any thing redeeming either in his character or intellect. We are apt to think him no more than a surly savage, capable of shewing nothing better than his teeth. The very mention of his name, recalls no more grateful images than scalping knife and tomahawk; and, shuddering at the revolting associations, we shut our eyes, and close our ears against all the proofs which declare his better characteristics. We are unwilling to read his past as we are unable to control his future;—refuse to recognize his sensibilities, and reject with scorn the evidence of any more genial attributes, in his possession, which might persuade us to hope for him in after days—for his natural genius and his real virtues—when shut in by the comparatively narrow empire which we have allotted him—barred from expansion by the nations which are destined

to crowd upon him on every hand,—the people of Texas, of Oregon and Mississippi,—he will be forced to throw aside the license of the hunter, and place himself, by a happy necessity, within the traces of civilization.

Regarded without prejudice, and through the medium even of what we most positively know of his virtues and his talents, and the North American Indian was as noble a specimen of crude humanity as we can find, from history, any aboriginal people to have been. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that he labored under any intellectual deficiency. On the contrary, the proofs are conclusive, that, compared with other nations—the early Romans, before their amalgamation with the great Tuscan family;—the Jews, prior to the Egyptian captivity;—the German race to the time of Odoacer,—the Saxon, to the period of the Heptarchy—and the Norman tribes in the reign of Charlemagne;—he presented as high and sufficient proofs of susceptibility for improvement and education, as any, the very noblest stocks in our catalogue. In some respects, indeed, the Indians shew more impressively. The republican features in their society—their leagues for common defence and necessity, and the frequency of their counsels for the adjustment of subjects in common—led to the growth of a race of politicians and orators, of whose acuteness, excellent skill in argument, and great powers of elocution, the early discoverers give us some of the most astonishing examples. The samples of their eloquence which have come down to us, are as purely attic as the most severe critic could desire—bold, earnest, truthful—clear in style, closely thought, keenly argued, conclusive in logic, and, in the highest degree, impressive in utterance. That their action was admirable, and would have delighted Demosthenes, we know from authorities upon which we would as cheerfully rely, as upon the assurances of the great Athenian orator himself. Now capacious and flowing, now terse and epigrammatic, adapting the manner to the matter, and both to the occasion,—sometimes smooth and conciliatory, anon searching and sarcastic—now persuasive and adroit, and again suddenly startling because of their vehement force and audacious imagery;—these were the acknowledged characteristics of their eloquence, which awed the most fearless spectator, and would have done honor to the noblest senate. An eloquent people is capable of taking any place in letters—in mastering all forms of speech, in perfecting any species of composition—history, or poetry—the one faculty, indeed, somewhat implying all the rest, since, to be a great orator, imagination must keep pace with thought,—and reason, and the capacity for historical narration, must contribute to the embodiment of the argument, to which a warm fancy must impart colour and animation, and which great energies of character must endow with force. All of these qualities and constituents were in possession of our aborigines. They had all the requisites, shewn by their speeches only, even if there were no other proofs, for intellectual developement in every species of literature. Tecumseh was a very great orator,—so was his brother, the prophet. The Cherokee, Attakullakullah, was one of the most persuasive and insinuating of speakers; and the renown of Logan, of the Shawanees,

is already a proverb, from the single speech preserved by Jefferson. Some of the sayings and orations of the Seminoles and Creeks, are equally remarkable for their significance and poetical beauty. Of the Six Nations we have numerous specimens, and the Catawbias had a reputation of this sort, among the tribes of the South, though but few specimens are preserved to us. Wetherford, who roused the Southern Indians to war, while Tecumseh and his brother were fomenting the western nations, was not inferior to either of these as a statesman, and an orator. His speech to Jackson, when he surrendered himself, voluntarily, a willing sacrifice, in order that his country should obtain peace, is at once one of the most touching, and manly instances of eloquence on record; and, in recent times, Osceola of the Seminoles, and Mooshalatubbee of the Choctaws—the one a bold, and the other an adroit speaker,—are proofs in point, shewing that the faculty was not one to die utterly out in the emasculation of their several people. We should be pleased, did our space suffice, to give examples from each of these remarkable men. Enough to say, that they betrayed the possession of a power of logical thinking, lively fancy, subdued, good taste, cool judgment, and lofty imagination, such as, addressed to literature, in a community even partially civilized, would have been worthy of all fame and honor in succeeding times. And that we should doubt, or be insensible to this conclusion, is only to be accounted for by reference to our blinding prejudices against the race—prejudices which seem to have been fostered as necessary to justify the reckless and unsparing hand with which we have smitten them in their habitations, and expelled them from their country. We must prove them unreasoning beings, to sustain our pretensions as human ones—shew them to have been irreclaimable, to maintain our own claims to the regards and respect of civilization.

We commend to some of our clever compilers,—Mr. Griswold, for example—the plan of an Indian miscellany, in which choice specimens of their oratory, their fable, their poetry,—shall appear together, in judicious opposition. The material for a goodly volume is abundant. Colden, Heckewelder, Adair, Jefferson, Hewatt, Lawson, Duponceau, and many others, may be examined with this object; and, among recent writers, there is Mr. Schoolcraft,—a host in himself—whose passion for the subject will make him a willing contributor to any plan for doing it justice. Such a miscellany will prove the native North American to have been an artist, a poet, a painter, and a novelist. His abilities were not confined to oratory alone. His faculties were exercised in other kinds of composition. He was no barren churl—no sullen, unproductive savage—such as we are too willing to suppose him. He had the necessary sensibilities for literature, and was not wholly without the performance. His affections were deep and lively, and stimulated his genius to other utterances than those of the Council House. These sensibilities, though perhaps less nice and active than they would have been, were he less the hunter—less fierce and intractable in war—were not utterly subdued by his more prevailing passions. His superstitions alone, were in proof of his spiritual susceptibility. It has been commonly insisted that these were of a

cold and brutal character, at best resembling those of the Northmen—a savage mythology, filled with gods like Odin and Thor,—bloody, dark, malignant, and gratified only by the most horrid rites and festivities. This is only true in part. They had gods of terror it is true, as the Etrurians had—but like these people, and the Greeks, they had others of gentle and benignant influence, smiling, graceful, fantastic, who watched over the happier hours of the race, promoted their kindlier fortunes, and gave countenance to the better feelings and habits of the individual. Their pantheon was quite as well supplied as the Greek, though they had not lived long enough to have it arranged, and made immortal, by their dramatists and poets. They had their ruling, their unknown god—their good and evil genii—their demons of the elements—of earth and air, of fire and water, of hill and valley, and lake and wood; and the lively genius of the people, in moments of danger or delight, created new deities for the occasion, consecrating the hour and the place to that worship which had been ordained by their passing necessities or moods. For all of these they had names and veneration. Offices were assigned them, adapted, each, to their several attributes and station,—the analysis of which constantly reminds you of those so common among the Germans, by means of which their modern writers have framed so many fanciful and delightful histories. The Kobolds, and Undines, and Salamanders, might find their parallels among the personifications of the Indian—and their spirits of the mine and the river, of the forest and the mountain, bearing Indian epithets quite as musical as any in the language of the Teuton, attest all the preliminary conditions of intellect, that needed but little help from civilization, to grow into a vast and noble literature. His gods were hostile or benignant, cold or affectionate, hateful to the sight and mind, or lovely to the imagination and the eye. He addressed them accordingly. To some he urged solicitations, and explored in song. Others he deprecated, and addressed in prayer and expostulation. He had his burnt offerings also, and no idea could have been more happy, than that of fumigating his deity with the smoke of that precious weed, whose aroma, so pleasant to himself, was to be extorted only by his own lips. The operation was thus never wholly in vain, whether the god accepted the sacrifice or not. The spirit of the cape and headland, of the battle and hunting ground, of peace, and war, and fortune; of love, and of hate;—commanded thus his homage, and received his devotions. Extraordinary events, or achievements; a spot rendered peculiar by circumstance, or by its own aspect; the wild beast that baffled his skill, or the bird that appeared to him on frequent occasions, when he was troubled, or very joyful,—these were all fixed in recollection by some spiritual name and emblem. His omens were not a whit less picturesque, or imposing, less reasonable, or less impressive, than those of the Greeks and Romans. The vulture spoke to him in a language of command, as it did to the wolf-suckled children of Rhea Sylvia. His prophets were quite as successful as the augur, Attius Navius, and practised, with equal success, the art of bringing the gods to a participation in

the affairs of State. The favorable response cheered, and the unfriendly paralyzed his valour;—and, altogether, with faith and veneration, the character of the North American Indian exhibited, not merely in common but in large degree, all of those moral and human sensibilities, out of which art has usually fashioned her noblest fabrics. The capacities and the sensibilities were there, present, in mind and heart, waiting but the hour and the influence which come at length, to every nation, thus endowed, which is permitted to survive long enough in independent career. Their growth, and just development, must have followed the first steps of civilization. We have noted their oratory, and their spiritual exercises; but their songs might teach us something farther. What was the song of war, of victory, and the death song, but strains, each, like those of the Jews and the Northmen, on similar occasions, under similar exigencies, combining history with invocation. The exploits of their warriors, thus chaunted, in the hearing of the tribe, and transmitted through successive generations, would, if caught up, and put in the fashion of a living language, be not unanalogous to those rude ballads, out of which Homer framed his great poem, and the German his *Nibelungen Lied*. They embodied the history of the race, with its groups of gallant warriors, and one great commanding figure in the foreground. If the chief filled the centre, emulous and admiring subordinates grew around him, and the correspondence of all, furnished a complete history. How such a history, chaunted by a famous chief on his bed of death and glory, could be made to ring, trumpet like, in a modern ear, by such a lyre as Walter Scott. We should not need a Milton, or a Homer, for the performance. The material would have suited Scott's poetical genius better, perhaps, than that of better bards. And how rich must be that material! How wild were the conflicts of our Indians—how numerous—with what variety of foes, under what changing circumstances, and how individual always! What is there improbable in the notion that Powhatan, in his youth, was at the sacking and the conquest of some of the superior nations in the Southwest—the Biloxi for example,—of whom the tradition goes that they were a rich and populous people, accomplished in the arts, who were overrun by an influx of strange barbarians, and driven into the sea. His ancestors may have brought their legions to the conquest of Palenque—may have led the assault upon the gloomy towers of Chi Chen—may have been the first to cross the threshold of those gloomy and terrible superstitions, whose altars have so strangely survived their virtues. It is a somewhat curious fact, in connection with this suggestion, that Opechancanough—a famous warrior—a man of very superior parts, who usurped the sway of the Virginia Indians after the death of Powhatan, and probably disputed it while he lived—was described by them as having been the “Prince of a foreign nation,”—and as having “come to them a great way from the southwest.” Beverly adds,—“And by their accounts, we suppose him to have come from the *Spanish Indians, somewhere near Mexico*. or the mines of St. Barbe:—but be that matter how it will, from that time (his usurpation) till his cap-



tivity, there never was the least truce between them and the English."\* We reserve, to another paper, our notice of the miscellany,† by which the preceding remarks have been occasioned. Mr. Schoolcraft is an authority, in Indian history, upon which we are permitted to rely. He has passed more than thirty years of his life, chiefly in an official capacity, among the red men of the continent. He married an Indian woman of great intelligence and beauty, and was thus placed in a position to see her people, if we may so phrase it, without disguise. He was admitted to their privacy, and informed in their traditions and character. He has accordingly written, at frequent periods, upon these subjects, and, we may add, exhibits no larger predilection in their behalf, than the proofs which he produces can fairly justify. A few years ago, he put forth two interesting volumes of Indian material, under the title of "Algie Researches." We doubt if the publication attracted much attention, though quite worthy to do so in the eyes of the student. The title probably discouraged the ordinary reader. Of the work before us, we are in possession of the first number only, though a second has recently been published. A detailed notice of these shall be given in future pages, when it will be seen that nothing has been urged in our text, whether for the capacities of the red men, or their actual performance, for which there is not good warrant in the records.

\* Itopatin, the brother of Powhatan, succeeded to his empire, but was dispossessed by Opechancanough, who was remarkable for his talents, his address, his large stature, noble presence, and the terrors of his name. Here now is material for fiction. Why should not Opechancanough have been a prince in Mexico, flying from the Spaniards? Why should he not have been a captive to the sire of Powhatan, while he and the latter were yet children? How easy to form a romance upon this conjecture! How easy to convert his ceaseless struggle against the English invader into another story. Then, there is the overthrow of Itopatin—but——

† Oneota, or the Red Race of America: Their History, Traditions, Customs, Poetry, Picture Writing, &c. By Henry R. Schoolcraft. New York. Burgess, Stringer & Co. 1845.

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#### FRAGMENT.

BENEATH my chamber window I recline,  
 And all is still around me. Nature lies,  
 With her poor children sleeping. All, save mine,  
 Are closed, the easily-persuaded eyes;  
 Dim visions flit before them, such as rise,  
 In childhood's innocent slumbers.—They *can* sleep!  
 Alas! why is it that we would be wise,  
 And in hard study and conclusions deep,  
 Learn that 'tis nature's doom to labor still and weep.

## THE LONELY ISLET.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

LIFT the oar, as silently,  
 By yon sacred isle we pass;  
 Know we not if still she sleeps,  
 Where the wind such whisper keeps,  
 In yon waving grass!  
 Death's a mocker to delight,  
 That we know,—and yet,—  
 There was that in every breath  
 Of her motion—in the set  
 Of her features, fair and whole—  
 In the flashing of her eye,  
 Spirit joyous still, and high,  
 Speaking the immortal soul,  
 In a language warm and bright—  
 That should mock at death!

Silently!—still silently!  
 Oh! methinks, if it were true,  
 If, indeed, she sleeps—  
 Wakeful never, though the oar,  
 Of the well-beloved one, nigh,  
 Breaks the water as before;—  
 When with but the sea in view,  
 And the sky-waste, and the shore,  
 Or some star that sinking creeps,  
 Between whiles of speech, to show,  
 How sweet lover's tears may flow,—  
 They together went, forgetting,  
 How the moon was near her setting,  
 Down amid the waters low;—

Then no more should lovely things,  
 Moon, or star, or zephyr, stoop,—  
 But a cloud with dusky wings,  
 Gloom outgiving, still should droop,  
 O'er that islet lone:—  
 And the long grass by the breeze  
 Sullen rising from the seas,  
 Should make constant moan!  
 Silent!—Hark!—that dipping oar,—  
 Oh! methinks, it roused a tone  
 As of one upon the shore!—  
 'Twas the wind that swept the grass!—  
 Silently, O! silently,—  
 As the sacred spot we pass!

## THE LAST FEAST OF THE LUCUMO;

OR THE PICTURE OF THE "GROTTA DEL TIFONE."

"Ma se conoscer la prima radice  
 Del nostri amor, tu hai cotanto affetto,  
 Faro come colui che piange e dice"—*Dante.*

THE 'Grotta del Tifone'—an Etruscan tomb opened by the Chevalier Manzi in 1833—discovered some peculiarities which greatly mystified the cognoscenti of Italy. It was found, by a Roman inscription upon two of the sarcophagi, that the inmates belonged to another people, and that the vaults of the noble Tarquinian family of Pomponius, had, for some unaccountable reasons, been opened for the admission of the stranger. No place was so sacred among the Etruscans as that of burial, and the tombs of the Lucumones of Tarquinia were held particularly sacred to the immediate connexions of the chief. Here he lay in state, and the scions and shoots of his blood and bosom were grouped around him, being literally, as the old Hebrew phraseology hath it, "gathered to their fathers." It was not often, and then only under peculiar circumstances, which rendered the exception to the rule proper, that the leaves of stone which closed the mausoleum were rolled aside for the admission of foreigners. The "Grotta del Tifone," so called from the Etruscan Typhon, or Angel of Death, which appears conspicuously painted upon the square central pillar, was the last resting place of the distinguished family of Pomponius. It is a chamber eighteen paces long, and sixteen broad, and is hewn out in the solid rock. The sarcophagi were numerous when first discovered. The ledges were full,—every place was occupied, and a further excavation had been made for the reception of other tenants. These tombs were all carefully examined by the explorers, with that intense feeling of curiosity which such a discovery was calculated to inspire. The apartment was in good preservation, the paintings bright and distinct, though fully twenty-two centuries must have elapsed since the colours were first spread by the hands of the artist. And there were the inscriptions, just declaring enough to heighten and to deepen curiosity. A name, a fragment, and that in Latin. That a Roman should sleep in a tomb of the Etruscan was, itself, a matter of some surprise, but that this strangeness should be still further distinguished by an inscription, an epitaph, in the language of the detested nation—as if the affront were to be rendered more offensive and more imposing—was calculated still further to provoke astonishment. Why should the hateful and always hostile Roman find repose among the patriarchs of Tarquinia—the rude, obscure barbarian, in the mausoleum of a refined and ancient family? Why, upon an Etruscan tomb, should there be other than an Etruscan inscription? One of the strangers was a woman! Who was she, and for what was she thus distinguished? By what fatality came she to find repose among the awful *manes* of a people between whom, and her own, the hatred was so deep and inextinguishable—ending, not even with the entire overthrow of the superior race. The sarcophagus of the other stranger was without an inscription. But he too was a Roman. His effigy, betraying all the cha-

characteristics of his people, lay at length above his tomb; a noble youth, with features of exquisite delicacy and beauty, yet distinguished by that falcon visage, which so well marked the imposing features of the great masters of the ancient world.

The wonder and delight of our visitors were hardly lessened, while their curiosity was stimulated to a still higher degree of intensity, as their researches led them to another discovery which followed the farther examination of the 'grotta.' On the right of the entrance they happened upon one of those exquisite paintings, in which the genius of the Etruscan proves itself to have anticipated, though it may never have rivalled, the excellence of the Greek. The piece describes a frequent subject of art—a procession of souls to judgment, under the charge of good and evil genii. The group is numerous. The grace, freedom, and expression of the several figures, is beyond description fine; and, with two exceptions, the effect is exquisitely grateful to the spectator, as the progress seem to be one to eternal delights. Two of the souls, however, are not freed, but convict; not escaping, but doomed; not looking hope and bliss, but despair and utter misery. One of these is clearly the noble youth whose effigy, without inscription, appears upon the tomb. He is one of the Roman intruders. Behind him, following close, is the evil genius of the Etruscan—represented as a colossal negro,—brutal in all his features, exulting fiendishly, in his expression of countenance, and with his claws firmly grasped in the shoulders of his victim. His brow is twined with serpents in the manner of a fillet, and his left hand carries the huge mallet with which the demon was expected to crush, or bruise, and mangle, his victim. The other unhappy soul, in similar keeping, is that of a young woman, whose features declare her to be one of the loveliest of her sex. She is tall and majestic, her carriage haughty even in her wo, and her face equally distinguished by the highest physical beauty, elevated by a majesty and air of sway, which denoted a person accustomed to the habitual exercise of her own will. But, through all her beauty and majesty, there are the proofs of that agony of soul, which passeth shew and understanding. Two big drops of sorrow have fallen, and rest upon her cheeks, the only tokens which her large Juno-like eyes seem to have given of the suffering which she endures. They still preserve their fires, undimmed and undaunted, and leave it rather to the brow, the lips, and the general features of the face, to declare the keen, unutterable wo, that swells within her soul, triumphant equally over pride and beauty. Nothing can exceed in force the touching expression of her agony, unutterable, unless in the sympathizing imagination of him who follows the sources of the painter's pencil into the very bosom of the artist. Immediately behind this beautiful and suffering creature, is seen, close following as in the case of the Roman youth already described,—the gloomy and brutal demon—the devil of Etrurian superstition—a negro somewhat less dark and deformed than the other, and seemingly of the other sex,—with looks less terrible and offensive, but whose office is not less certain, and whose features are not less full of exultation and triumph. She does not actually grasp the shoulders of the victim,

but she has her nevertheless beneath her clutches, and the serpent of her fillet, with extended head, seems momentarily ready to dart its venomous fangs into the white bosom that shrinks and swells beneath it.

Long, indeed, did this terrible picture fix and fascinate the eyes of the spectators; and, when at length they turned away, it was only to look back and to meditate upon the mysterious and significant scene which it described. In proceeding further, however, in their search through the 'grotto,' they happened upon another discovery. They were already aware that the features of this beautiful woman were Roman in their type. Indeed, there was no mistaking the inexpressible majesty of that countenance, which could belong to no other people. It was not to be confounded with the Etruscan, which, it must be remembered, was rather Grecian or Phœnician in its character—and indicated grace and beauty, rather than strength;—subtlety and skill, rather than majesty and command. But, that there might be no doubt of the origin of this lovely woman—examining more closely the effigy upon the sarcophagus first discovered—having removed the soil from the features, and brought a strong light to bear upon them—they were found to be those exactly of the victim thus terribly distinguished in the painting.

Here then was a coincidence, involving a very curious mystery. About the facts there could be no mistake. Two strangers, of remarkable feature, find their burial, against all usage, in the tumulus of an ancient Etruscan family. Both are young, of different sexes, and both are Roman. Their features are carved above their dust, in immortal marble—we may almost call it so, which, after two thousand years, still preserves its trust—and, in an awful procession of souls to judgment, delineated by a hand of rare excellence, and with rare precision, we find the same persons, drawn to the life, and in the custody, as doomed victims, of the terrible fiend of Etruscan mythology. To this condition some terrible tale was evidently attached. Both of these pictures were portraits. For that matter, all were portraits in the numerous collection. With these two exceptions, the rest were of the same family, and their several fates, according to the resolve of the painter, were all felicitous. They walked erect, triumphant in hope and consciousness, elastic in their tread, and joyous in their features. Not so these two: the outcasts of the group,—*with*, but not *of*, them,—painfully contrasted by the artist—terribly so by the doom of the awful providence whose decree he had ventured thus freely to declare. The features of the man had the expression of one whom a just self-esteem moves to submit in dignity, and without complaint. The face of the woman, on the contrary, is full of anguish, though still distinguished by a degree of loftiness and character, to which his offers no pretension. There were the portraits, and there the effigies, and beneath them, in their stone coffins, lay the fragments of their mouldering bones—the relics of two thousand years. What a scene had the artist chosen to transmit to posterity—from real life—and with what motive? By what terrible sense of justice, or by what strange obliquity of judgment and feeling, did the great Lucumo of the Pomponii, suffer the members of his family to be thus offensively perpetu-

ated, to all time, in the place of family sepulture? Could it have been the inspiration of revenge and hatred, by which this vivid and terrible representation was wrought;—and what was the melancholy history of these two strangers,—so young, so beautiful,—thus doomed to the inexorable torments of the endless future, by the bold anticipatory awards of a successor, or a contemporary? To these questions, our explorers of the “Grotta del Tifone” did not immediately find an answer. That they have done so since, the reader will ascribe to the keen anxiety with which they have groped through ancient chronicles, in search of an event, which, thus wondrously preserved by art for a period of more than twenty centuries, could not, as they well conjectured, be wholly obliterated from all other mortal records.

The time had passed when Etruria gave laws to the rest of Italy. Lars Porsenna was already in his grave, and his memory, rather than his genius and spirit, satisfied the Etruscan. The progeny of the she wolf had risen into wondrous strength and power, and so far from shrinking within their walls at the approach of the vulture of Volterre, they had succeeded in clipping her wings, and shortening, if not wholly arresting her flight. The city of the seven hills, looking with triumph from her eminences, began to claim all within her scope of vision as her own; and, paralyzed at their audacity, their success, and their wonderful genius for all the arts of war, the neighbouring cities began to tremble at the assertion of her claims. But the braver and less prudent spirits of young Etruria revolted at this assumption, and new wars followed, which were too fierce and bloody to continue long. It needs not that we should describe the varying fortunes of the parties. Enough, for our purposes, that, after one well-fought field, in which the Romans triumphed, they bore away, as a prisoner, with many others, Cælius, the youthful Lucumo of the Pomponian family. This young man, not yet nineteen, was destined by nature rather for an artist, than a soldier. He possessed, in remarkable degree, that talent for painting and statuary, which was largely the possession of the Etrurians, and though belonging to one of the noblest families in his native city, he did not think it dishonorable to exercise his talent with industry and devotion. In the invasion of his country by the fierce barbarians of Rome, he had thrown aside the pencil for the sword, in the use of which latter weapon, he had shewn himself not a whit less skilful and excellent, because of his preference for a less dangerous implement. His captivity was irksome, rather than painful and oppressive. He was treated with indulgence by his captors, and quartered for a season in the family of the fierce chief, by whose superior prowess he had been overthrown. Here, if denied his freedom, and the use of the sword, he was not denied a resumption of those more agreeable exercises of art, to which he had devoted himself before his captivity. He consoled himself in this condition by his favorite studies. He framed the vase into grace and beauty, adorned its sides with groups from poetry and history, and, by his labours, delighted the uninitiated eyes of all around him. The fierce warrior in whose custody he was, looked on with a grim sort of satis-

faction at the development of arts, for which his appreciative faculties were small, and it somewhat lessened our young Etruscan in his esteem, that he should take pleasure in such employments. At all events, the effects, however disparaging, were so far favorable, that they tended to the increase of his indulgencies. His restraints were fewer, the old Roman not apprehending much danger of escape, or much of enterprize, from one whose tastes were so feminine; and the more gentle regards of the family, in which he was a guest perforce, contributed still more to sweeten and soften the asperities of captivity. As a Lucumo of the first rank in Etruria, he also claimed peculiar indulgencies and favor from a people, who, conscious of their own inferior origin, were not by any means insensible to the merits of aristocracy. Our captive was accordingly treated with a deference which was as grateful to his condition, as it was the proper tribute to his rank. The wife of the chief whose captive he was, herself a noble matron of Rome, was as little insensible to the rank of the Etrurian, as she was to the equal modesty and manliness of his deportment. Nor was she alone thus made sensible of his claims and virtues. She had a son and daughter, the latter named Aurelia, a creature of the most imposing beauty, of a lofty spirit and carriage, and of a high and generous ambition. The brother, Lucius, was younger than herself, a lad of fifteen, but he, like his sister, became rapidly and warmly impressed with the grace of manner, and goodness of heart, which distinguished the young Etrurian. They both learned to love him; the youth, probably, with quite as unreckoning a warmth as his sister. Nor was the heart of Cœlius long untouched. He soon perceived the exquisite beauties of the Roman damsel, and, by the usual unfailing symptoms, revealed the truth as well to the family of the maiden, as to herself. The mother discovered the secret with delight, was soon aware of the condition of her daughter's heart; and the relations of the several parties being thus understood, it was not long before they came to an explanation, which ended to their mutual satisfaction. Cœlius was soon released from his captivity, and, to the astonishment of all his family, returned home, bearing with him the beautiful creature, by whom his affections had been so suddenly enslaved.

His return to Tarquinia was hailed with delight by every member of his family but one. This was a younger brother, whose position had been greatly improved by the absence, and supposed death of Cœlius. He cursed in the bitterness of his heart the fate which had thus restored, as from the grave, the shadow which had darkened his own prospects; and, though he concealed his mortification, under the guise of a joy as lively as that of every other member of the household, he was torn with secret hate, and the most fiendish jealousy. At first, however, as these feelings were quite aimless, he strove naturally to subdue them. There was no profitable object in their indulgence, and he was one of those, cunning beyond his years, who entertain no moods, and commit no crime, unless with the distinct hope of acquisition. It required but a little time, however, to ripen other feelings in his soul, by which the former were rather strengthened



than diminished, and by which, all his first, and, perhaps, feeble efforts to subdue them, were rendered fruitless. In the first bitter mood in which he beheld the return of his brother, the deep disappointment which he felt, with the necessity of concealing his chagrin from every eye, prevented him from bestowing that attention upon the wife of Cælius, which her beauty, had his thoughts been free, must inevitably have commanded. With his return to composure, however, he soon made the discovery of her charms, and learned to love them with a passion scarcely less warm than that which was felt by her husband. Hence followed a double motive for hating the latter, and denouncing his better fortune. Aruns—the name of the younger brother—was, like Cælius, a man of great talent and ingenuity; but his talent, informed rather by his passions than by his tastes, was addressed to much humbler objects. While the one was creative and gentle in his character, the other was violent and destructive; while the one worshipped beauty for its own sake, the other regarded it only as subserving selfish purposes. Cælius was frank and generous in his temper, Aruns, reserved, suspicious, and contracted. The one had no disguises, the other dwelt within them even as a spider, girdled by his web, and lying secret in the crevice at its bottom. Hitherto, his cunning had been chiefly exercised in concealing itself, in assuming the port of frankness, in appearing, so far as he might, the thing that he was not. It was now to be exercised for his more certain profit, in schemes hostile to the peace of others. To cloak these designs, he betrayed more than usual joy at the restoration of his brother. His, indeed, seemed the most elated spirit of the household; and the confiding and unsuspecting Cælius at once took him to his heart, with all the warmth and sincerity of boyhood. It gave him pleasure to perceive that Aurelia, his wife, received him as a brother, and regarded with delight the appearance of affection that subsisted between them. The three soon became more and more united in their sympathies and objects, and the devotion of Aruns to the Roman wife of Cælius, was productive of a gratification to the latter, which he did not endeavor to conceal. It was grateful to him, that his brother did not leave his wife to that solitude in her foreign home, which might sometimes have followed his own too intense devotion to the arts which he so passionately loved; and, without a fear that his faith might be misplaced, he left to Aruns the duty which no husband might prudently devolve upon any man, of ministering to those tastes and affections, the most delicate and sacred, which make of every family circle a temple, in which the father, and the husband, and the master, should alone be the officiating priest.

Some time had passed in this manner, and, at length, it struck our Lucumo, that there was less cordiality between his brother and his wife, than had pleased him so much at first. Aurelia now no longer spoke of Aruns—his name never escaped her lips, unless when she was unavoidably forced to speak it in reply. His approaches to her were marked by a timidity not usual with him, and by a *hauteur* in her countenance which was shewn to no other person. It was a proof of the superior love of Cælius to his wife, that he reproached her for this

seeming dislike. She baffled his inquiry, met his reproaches with renewed shows of tenderness, and the fond, confiding husband, resumed his labors in the beautiful, with perhaps too little regard to what was going on around him. Meanwhile, the expression in the face of Aurelia had been gradually deepening into gravity. Care was clouding her brow, and an air of anxiety manifested itself upon her cheek—a look of apprehension—as if some danger were impending—some great fear threatening in her heart. This continued for some time, when she became conscious that the eye of her husband began to be fixed inquiringly upon her, and with the look of one dissatisfied, if not doubtful,—disturbed if not suspicious,—and with certain sensibilities rendered acute and watchful, which had been equally confiding and affectionate before. These signs increased her disquiet, and deepened her anxiety. But she was silent. The glances of her husband were full of appeal, but she gave them no response. She could but retire from his presence, and sigh to herself in solitude. There was evidently a mystery in this conduct, and the daily increasing anxieties of the husband betrayed his doubts that it might prove a humiliating one at the solution. But he too was silent. His pride forbade that he should declare himself, when he could only speak of vague surmises, and perhaps degrading suspicions. He was silent, but not at ease. His pleasant labors of the studio were abandoned. Was it for relief from his own thoughts, that he was now so frequently in company with Aruns, or did he hope to obtain from the latter, any clue to the mystery which disturbed his household? It was not in the art of Aurelia so to mould the expression of her countenance, as to hide from others the anxiety which she felt, in the increasing and secret communion of the brothers. She watched their departure with dread, and witnessed their return together with agitation. She saw, or fancied she saw, in the look of the younger, a malignant exultation, which even his habitual cunning did not suffer him entirely to conceal.

At length the cloud seemed to clear away from the brow of her husband. He once more resumed his labors, and with an eagerness, and an avidity, which he had not betrayed before. His passion now amounted to intensity. He gave himself no respite from his labors. Late and early he was at his task—morning and night—without intermission, and with the enthusiasm of one who rejoices in the completion of a favorite and long cherished study. Aurelia was not unhappy at this second change; to go back to his old engagements and tastes, seemed to her to indicate a return to his former equanimity and waveless happiness. It was with some surprise, however, and not a little concern, that she was now permitted to watch his progress. He wrought in secret—his studio was closed against her as, indeed, it was against all persons. Hitherto, it had not been so in her instance. She pleasantly reproached him for this seclusion, but he answered her—"fear not, you shall see all when it is done." There was something in this reply to disquiet her, but she was in a state of mind easily to be disquieted. She was conscious also of a secret withheld from her husband,—and her reproaches sunk back upon her heart, unuttered,

from her lips. She could not, because of what she felt, declare to him what she thought; and she beheld his progress, from day to day, with an apprehension that increased momentarily, and made her appearance, in one respect, not unlike his own. She was now aware that he was the victim of a strange excitement, in which his present artistical labors had considerable share. He seemed to hurry to their prosecution with an eager impatience that looked like phrensy,—and to return from his daily task with a frame exhausted, but with an eye that seemed to burn with the subtlest fires. His words were few, but there was a strange intelligence in his looks. His cheeks had grown very pale, his frame was thinned, his voice hollow, in the prosecution of these secret labors; and yet there was a something of exultation in his glance, which fully declared that, however exhausting to his frame might be the task he was pursuing, its results were yet looked to with a wild and eager satisfaction. At length the work was done. One day he stood before her in an attitude of utter exhaustion. “It is finished!” he exclaimed. “You shall see it to-morrow!” “What is it,” she asked. “Nay, to-morrow! to-morrow!” He then retired to sleep, and rested several hours. She looked on him while he slept. He had never rested so profoundly since he had begun the labor from which he was now freed. The slumber of an infant had never been less disturbed, never been softer, sweeter, or purer. The beauty of Cœlius was that of the most peaceful purity. She bent over him as he slept, and kissed his forehead with looks of the truest devotion, while two big tears gathered in her large eyes, and slowly felt their way along her cheeks. She turned away lest the warm drops falling on his cheeks, might awake him. She turned away, and, in her own apartment, gave free vent to the feelings which his pure and placid slumbers seemed rather to subdue than encourage. Why, with such a husband—her first love,—and with so many motives to happiness,—was she not happy? Alas! who shall declare for the secret yearnings of the heart, and say, as idly as Canute to the sea, ‘thus far shalt thou go and no farther—here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’ Aurelia was a creature of fears and anxieties, and many a secret and sad presentiment. She was very far from happy, ill at ease,—and,—but why anticipate? We shall soon enough arrive at the issue of our melancholy narrative!

That night, while she slept,—for your grief and apprehension have their periods of exhaustion, which we misname repose,—her husband rose from his couch, and with cautious footsteps departed from his dwelling. He was absent all the night, and returned only with the dawn. He re-entered his home with the same stealthy caution with which he had quitted it, and it might have been remarked that he dismissed his brother, with two other persons, at the threshold. They were all masked and otherwise disguised with cloaks. Why this mystery? Where had they been,—on what mission of mischief or of shame? To Cœlius, such a necessity was new, and scarcely had he entered his dwelling than he cast aside his disguises with an air of one who loathes their uses. He was very pale and haggard, with a fixed but glistening expression of the eye, a brow of settled gloom, from

which hope and faith, and every interest in life seemed utterly to be banished. A single groan escaped him when he stood alone, and then he raised himself erect, as if hitherto he had leaned upon the arms of others. He carried himself firmly and loftily, his lips compressed, his eye eagerly looking forward, and thus, after the interval of a few seconds, he passed to the chamber of his wife. And still she slept. He bent over her, earnestly and intently gazing upon those beauties which grief seemed only to sadden into superior sweetness. He looked upon her with those earnest eyes of love, the expression of which can never be misunderstood. Still he loved her, though between her heart and his, a high impassable barrier had been raised up by the machinations of a guilty spirit. Tenderness was the prevailing character of his glance, until she spoke. Her sleep, though deep, was not wholly undisturbed. Fearful images crossed her fancy. She started and sobbed, and cried,—“Save, O save and spare him—Flavius, my dear Flavius!”—and her breathing again became free, and her lips sunk once more into repose. But fearful was the change, from a saddened tenderness to agony and despair, which passed over the features of Cælius as he listened to her cry. Suddenly, striking his clenched hands against his forehead, he shook them terribly at the sleeping woman, and rushed wildly out of the apartment.

It was noon of the same day—a warm and sunny noon, in which the birds and the breeze equally counselled pleasure and repose. The viands stood before our Cælius and his wife—the choicest fruits of Italy, and cates which might not, in later days, have misbecomed the favorite chambers of Lucullus. The goblet was lifted in the hands of both, and the heart of Aurelia felt almost as cheerful as the expression on her face. It was the reflection in the face of her husband. His brow was gloomy no longer. The tones of his voice were neither cold, nor angry, nor desponding. A change—she knew not why—had come over his spirit, and he smiled, nay, laughed out, in the very exultation of a new life. Aurelia conjectured nothing of this so sudden change. Enough that it was grateful to her soul. She was too happy in its influence, to inquire into its cause. What heart that is happy does inquire? She quaffed the goblet at his bidding—quaffed it to the dregs—and her eye gleamed delighted, and delightfully, upon his,—even as in the first hours of their union. She had no apprehensions—dreaded nothing sinister,—and did not perceive that ever, at the close of his laughter, there was a convulsive quiver—a sort of hysterical sobbing, that he seemed to try to subdue in vain. She noticed not this, nor the glittering, almost spectral brightness of his glance, as, laughing tumultuously, he still kept his gaze intently fixed upon her. She was blind to all things but the grateful signs of his returning happiness and attachment. Once more the goblet was lifted. “To Turmes (Mercury) the conductor,” cried the husband. The wife drank unwittingly,—for still her companion smiled upon her, and spoke joyfully, and she was as little able as willing to perceive that any thing occult occurred in his expression. “Have you drank?” he asked. She smiled and laid the empty goblet before him. “Come

then, you shall now behold the picture. Yqu will now be prepared to understand it"

They rose together, but another change had overspread his features. The gaiety had disappeared from his face. It was covered with a calm that was frightful. The eye still maintained all its eager intensity, but the lips were fixed in the icy mould of resolution. They declared a deep inflexible purpose. There was a corresponding change in his manner and deportment. But a moment before, he was all life, grace, gaiety and great flexibility. He was now erect, majestic and commanding in aspect, with a lordly dignity in his movement, that declared a sense of a high duty to be done. Aurelia was suddenly impressed with misgivings. The change was too sudden not to startle. Her doubts and apprehensions were not lessened when, instead of conducting her to the studio, where she expected to see the picture, he led the way through the vestibule and into the open court of the palace. They lingered but for a moment at the entrance, and she then beheld his brother Aruns approaching. To him she gave not a look. "All is right," said the latter. "Enter!" was the reply of Cælius,—and as the brother disappeared within the vestibule, the two moved forward through the outer gate. They passed through a lovely wood, shady and hidden, through which, subdued by intervening leaves, gleamed only faintly the bright clear sun of Italy. From under the huge chesnuts, on either hand, the majestic gods of Etruria, extended their guiding and endowing hands. Tina, or Jupiter; Aplu, or Apollo; Erkle, Turmes, and the rest, all conducting them along the *via sacra* which led from the palaces to the tombs of every proud Etruscan family. They entered the solemn grove which was dedicated to night and silence, and were about to ascend the gradual slopes by which the tumulus was approached. Then it was that the misgivings of Aurelia took a more serious form. She felt a vague but oppressive fear. She hesitated. "My Cælius," she exclaimed, "whether do we go. Is not this the passage to the house of silence?"—"Do you not know it?" he demanded quickly, and fixing upon her a keen inquiring glance. "Come!" he continued; "it is there that I have fixed the picture!" "Alas! my Cælius, wherefore! It is upon this picture that you have been so deeply engaged. It has made you sad—it has left us both unhappy. Let us not go—let me not see it!" Her agitation was greatly increased. He saw it, and his face put on a look of desperate exultation. "Ay, but thou must see it—thou shalt look upon it and behold my triumph, my greatest triumph in art, and perhaps my last. I shall never touch pencil more, and wilt thou refuse to look upon my last and noblest work. Fie,—this were a wrong to me, and a great shame in thee, Aurelia. Come! The toil of which thou think'st but coldly, has brought me peace, rather than sadness. It has made of death, a thing rather familiar than offensive. If it has deprived me of hopes, it has left me without terrors!" "Deprived you of hopes, my Cælius," said the wife still lingering, and in mortal terror. "Even so!" "And, wherefore, O! my husband; wherefore." "Speak not, woman! See you nor that we are within the shadow of the tomb?" "Let us not approach—let us go hence!" she ex-

claimed entreatingly, with increasing agitation. "Ay, shrink'st thou," he answered,—“well thou mayst. The fathers of the Pomponii, for two thousand years, are now floating around us on their sightless wings. They wonder that a Roman woman should draw nigh to the dwellings of our ancient Lucumones.” “A Roman woman!” she exclaimed reproachfully. “My Cælius,—wherefore this?” “Art thou not?” “I am thy wife.” “Art sure of that?” “As the gods live and look upon us, I am thine, this hour and forever!” “May the gods judge thee, woman,” he responded slowly, as he paused at the gate of the mausoleum, and fixed his eyes intently upon her. Hers were raised to heaven, with her uplifted hands. She did not weep, and her grief was still mixed with a fearful agitation. “Let us now return, my Cælius!” “What, wilt thou not behold the picture!” “Not now—at another season. I could not look upon it now!” “Alas! woman, but this cannot be. Thou must behold it now or never. Hope not to escape me. Enter! I have a tale to tell thee, and a sight to show thee within, which thou canst not see hereafter. Enter!” As he spoke, he applied the key to the stone leaf, and the door slowly revolved upon the massy pivots. She turned and would have fled, but he grasped her by the wrist, and moved towards the entrance. She carried her freed hand to her forehead—parted the hair from her eyes, and raised them pleadingly to heaven. Resistance she saw was vain. Her secret was discovered. She prepared to enter, but slowly. “Enter! Dost thou fear now,” cried her husband, “when commanded? Hast thou not, thou, a Roman, ventured already to penetrate these awful walls, given to silence and the dead,—and on what mission? Enter as I bid thee!”

She obeyed him, shuddering and silent. He followed her, closed the entrance, and fastened it within. They were alone among the dead of a thousand years—alone but not in darkness. The hand of preparation had been there, and cressets were burning upon the walls; their lights, reflected from the numerous shields of bronze within the apartment, shedding a strange and fantastic splendor upon the scene. The eyes of Aurelia rapidly explored the chamber as if in search of some expected object. Those of Cælius watched them with an expression of scornful triumph, which did not escape her glance. She firmly met his gaze, almost inquiringly, while her hands were involuntarily and convulsively clasped together. “Whom dost thou seek, Aurelia?” “Thou know'st! Thou know'st. Where is he? Tell me, my Cælius, that he is safe,—that thou hast sped him hence—that I may bless thee.” He smiled significantly as he replied, “he is safe! I have sped him hence!” “Tinai (Adonai) my husband, keep thee in the hollow of his hand.” “How, shameless! dost thou dare so much!” “What mean'st thou, my Cælius?” “Sit thou there,” he answered, “till I shew thee my picture.” He pointed her, as he spoke, to a new sarcophagus, upon which she placed herself submissively. Then, with a wand in his hand, he, himself seated upon another coffin of stone, pointed her to a curtain which covered one of the sides of the chamber. “Behind that curtain, Aurelia, is the last work of my hands; but before I unveil it to thine eyes, let me tell thee its melan-

choly history. It will need not many words for this. Much of it is known to thee already. How I found thee in Rome, when I was there a captive—how I loved thee, and how I believed in thy assurances of love—all these things thou knowest. We wedded, and I brought thee, a Roman woman, held a barbarian by my people, into the palace of one of the proudest families in all Etruria. Shall I tell thee that I loved thee still, that I love thee even now when I have most reason to hate thee, when I know thy perjury, thy cold heart, thy hot lust, thy base, degrading passions!" "Hold, my lord—say not these things, to my grief and thy dishonor. They wrong me, not less than thy own name. These things poured into thine ear by some secret enemy, are false!" "Thou wilt not swear it." "By all the gods of Rome——" "And of what avail, and how binding, the oath taken in the names of the barbarian deities of Rome." "By the Etrurian!"—"Perjure not thyself, woman, but hear me." "Go on, my Lord, I will hear thee, though I suffer death with every word thou speakest." "It is well, Aurelia, that thou art prepared for this." "Thy dagger, my Cælius, were less painful than thy words and looks unkind." "Never was I unkind, until I found thee false." "Never was I false, my lord, even when thou wast unkind." "Woman! lie not; thou wert discovered with thy paramour, here, in this tomb,—thou wert followed, day by day, and all thy secret practices betrayed. This thou ow'st to the better vigilance of my dear brother Aruns—he, more watchful of my honor than myself——" "Ah! well I knew from what hand came the cruel shaft. Cælius, my Cælius, thy brother is a wretch doomed to infamy and black with crime. I have had no paramour. I might have had, and thou might'st have been dishonored, had I hearkened to thy brother's pleadings. I spurned him from my feet with loathing, and he requites me with hate. Oh! my husband, believe me, and place this man, whom thou too fondly callest thy brother, before thine eyes and mine!" "Alas! Aurelia, this boldness becomes thee not. I myself traced thee to this tomb—these eyes but too frequently beheld thee with thy paramour." "Cælius, as I live, he was no paramour,—but where is he, what hast thou done with him?" "Sent him before thee, to prepare thy couch in Hades!" "Oh! brother!—But thou hast not—tell me, my lord, that thy hand is free from this bloody crime!" "He sleeps beneath thee. It is upon his sarcophagus thou sittest." She started with a piercing shriek from the coffin where she sat, knelt beside it and strove to remove the heavy stone lid, which had already been securely fastened. While thus engaged, the Lucumo drew aside with his hand the curtain which concealed the picture. "Look," said he, "woman, behold the fate which thou and thy paramour have received,—behold the task which I had set me when first I had been shewn thy perjuries. Look!"

She arose in silence from her knees, and turned her eyes upon the picture. As the curtain was slowly unrolled from before it, and she conceived the awful subject, and distinguished, under the care of the good and guardian genii, the shades of well known members of the Pomponian family, her interest was greatly excited; but when, following in the train and under the grasp of the Etrurian demon, she be-



held the features of the young Roman who was doomed, she bounded forward, with a cry of agony—"My brother, my Flavius, my own, my only brother!"—and sunk down with outstretched arms before the melancholy shade. "Her brother!" exclaimed the husband. She heard the words and rose rapidly to her feet. "Ay, Flavius, my brother, banished from Rome, and concealed here in thy house of silence, concealed even from thee, my husband, as I would not vex thee with the anxieties of an Etrurian noble, lest Rome should hear and punish the people, by whom her outlaw was protected. Thou know'st my crime. This paramour was the brother of my heart—child of the same sire and dame—a noble heart, a pure spirit, whose very virtues have been the cause of his disgrace at Rome. Slay me if thou wilt, but tell me not, O! Cœlius, that thou hast put the hands of hate upon my brother!"

"Thy tale is false, woman—well-planned but false. Know I not thy brother. Did I not know thy brother well in Rome. Went we not together oft. I tell thee, I should know him well, among a line of ten thousand Romans!"

"Alas! alas! my husband, if ever I had brother, then is this he. I tell thee nothing but the truth. Of a surety, when thou wert in Rome, my brother was known to thee, but the boy has now become a man. Seven years have wrought a change upon him of which thou hast not thought. Believe me, what I tell thee—the youth whom I sheltered in this vault, and to whom I brought food nightly, was indeed my brother,—my Flavius, the only son of my mother, who sent him to me, with fond words of entreaty, when the consuls of the city bade him depart in banishment."

"I cannot believe thee, woman. It were a mortal agony, far beyond what I feel in the conviction of thy guilt, were I to yield faith to thy story. It is thy paramour whom I have slain, and who sleeps in that tomb. His portrait and his judgment are before thee, and now—look on thine own!"

The picture, fully displayed, shewed to the wretched woman her own person, in similar custody with him who was her supposed paramour. The terrible felicity of the execution struck her to the soul. It was a picture to live as a work of art, and to this she was not insensible. She clasped her hands before it and exclaimed, "oh! my Cœlius, what a life hast thou given to a lie. Yet may I bear the terrors of such a doom, if he, whom thou hast painted there in a fate full of dreadful fellowship with mine, was other than my brother Flavius,—he with whom thou didst love to play, and to whom thou didst impart the first lessons in the art which he learned to love from thee. Dost hear me, my Cœlius, as my soul lives, this man was none other than my brother."

"False! false! I will not, dare not believe thee!" He answered in husky accents. His frame was trembling, yet he busied himself in putting on a rich armour, clothing himself in military garb, from head to foot, as if going into action.

"What dost thou, my Lord!" demanded Aurelia, curious as she beheld him in this occupation. "This," said he, "is the armour in

which I fought with Rome when I was made the captive of thy people, and thine. It is fit that I should wear it now, when I am once more going into captivity."

"My husband, what meanest thou? of what captivity dost thou speak?"

"The captivity of death! Hear me, Aurelia, dost thou feel nothing at thy heart which tells thee of the coming struggle when the soul shakes off the reluctant flesh, and strives as it were for freedom. Is there no chill in thy veins, no sudden pang, as of fire, in thy breast. These speak in me. They warn me of death. We are both summoned. But a little while is left us of life."

"Have mercy, Jove! I feel these pains, this chill, this fire that thou speak'st of."

"It is death! The goblet which I gave thee, and of which I drank the first and largest draught, was drugged with death."

"Then—it is all true! Thou hast in truth slain my brother. Thou hast—thou hast!"

"Nay, he was not thy brother, Aurelia. Why wilt thou forswear thyself at this terrible moment? It is vain! Would'st thou lie to death—would'st thou carry an impure face of perjury before the seat of the Triune God! Beware! Confess thy crime, and justify the vengeance of thy lord!"

"As I believe thee, my Cælius—as I believe that thou hast most rashly and unjustly murdered my brother, and put death in the cup which, delivered by thy hands, was sweet and precious to my lips, so must I now declare, in sight of heaven, in the presence of the awful dead, that what I have said and sworn to thee, is truth. He whom I sheltered within the tombs of thy fathers, was the son of mine—the only, the last, best brother of my heart;—I bore him in mine arms when I was a child myself. I loved him ever! Oh! how I loved him,—next to thee, my Cælius—next to thee! Could'st thou but have spared me this love—this brother!"

"How knew I—how know I now—that he was thy brother?" was the choking inquiry.

"To save thee the cruel agony that thou must feel, knowing this, I could even be moved to tell thee falsely, and say that he was not my brother—but, indeed, some paramour such as the base and evil thought of thy brother has grafted upon thine; but I may not;—thy love is too precious to me at this last moment, even if death were not too terrible to the false speaker. He was, indeed, my Flavius, dear son of a dear mother, best beloved brother, he whom thou didst play with as a boy, to whom thou gav'st lessons in thy own lovely art,—who loved thee, my Cælius, but too fondly, and only forbore telling thee of his evil plight, for fear that thou should'st incur danger from the sharp and angry hostility of Rome. Seek my chamber, and in my cabinet thou wilt find his letters, and the letters of my mother borne with him in his flight. Nay,—oh! mother, what is this agony?"

"Too late! Too late! If it be truth thou speakest, Aurelia, it is a truth that cannot save. Death is upon us—I see it in thy face—I feel it in my heart. Oh! would that I could doubt thy story!"

"Doubt not,—doubt not,—believe and take me to thy heart. I fear not death, if that thou wilt believe me. My Cælius, let me come to thee and die upon thy bosom."

"Ah! should'st thou betray me—should'st thou still practice upon me with thy woman art!—"

"And wherefore? It is death thou sayest, that is upon us now. What shall I gain, in this hour, by speaking thee falsely. Thou hast done thy worst. Thou hast doomed me to death, and to the eyes of the confiding future!"

She threw her arms around him as she spoke, and sunk, sobbing upon his breast. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that dreadful picture! I feel, my Aurelia, that thou hast spoken truly—that I have been rash and cruel in my judgments. Thy brother lies before thee, and yonder tomb is prepared for thee. I did not yield without a struggle, and I prepared me for a terrible sacrifice. Upon this bier, habited as I am, I yield myself to death. There is no help—no succor. Yet, that picture! Shall the falsehood overcome the truth. Shall that lie survive thy virtue, thy beauty, and thy life! No! my Aurelia, this crime shall be spared at least."

He unwound her arms from about his neck, and strove to rise. She sunk in the same moment at his feet. "Oh! death!" she cried,— "thou art indeed a god! I feel thee, terrible in thy strength, with an agony never felt before. Leave me not, my Cælius—forgive—and leave me not!"

"I lose thee, Aurelia! Where——"

"Here! before the couch—I faint—ah!"

"I would destroy," he cried, "but cannot! This blindness. Ho! without there! Aruns! It is thy step I hear! Undo, undo—I forgive thee all, if thou wilt but help. Here,—hither!"

The acute senses of the dying man, had, indeed, heard footsteps without. They were those of the perfidious brother. But, at the call from within, he retreated hastily. There was no answer—there was no help. But there was still some consciousness. Death was not yet triumphant. There was a pang yet to be felt,—and a pleasure. It was still in the power of the dying man to lift to his embrace his innocent victim. A moment's return of consciousness enabled her to feel his embrace, his warm tears upon her cheek, and to hear his words of entreaty and tenderness imploring forgiveness. And speech was vouchsafed her to accord it. "I forgive thee, my Cælius—I forgive thee, and bless thee and love thee to the last. I knew that thou would'st never do me wrong of thy will,—I know that thou wert deceived to this,—yet how, oh! how, when my head lay upon thy breast at night, and I slept in peace, couldst thou think that I should do thee wrong!" "Why"—murmured the miserable man—"why, oh! why?" "Had I but told thee, and trusted in thee, my Cælius?" "Why didst thou not?" "It was because of my brother's persuasion that I did not—he wished not that thou should'st come to evil" "And thou forgiv'st me, Aurelia,—from thy very heart thou forgiv'st me?" "All, all,—from my heart and soul, my husband." "It will not then be very hard to die!"

An hour after and the chamber was silent. The wife had yielded first. She breathed her last sigh upon his bosom, and with the last effort of his strength, he lifted her gently and laid her in the sarcophagus, composing with affectionate care, the drapery around her. Then remembering the picture, he looked around him for his sword with which to obliterate the portraits which his genius had assigned to so lamentable an eternity, but his efforts were feeble, and the paralysis of death seized him while he was yet making them. He sunk back with palsied limbs upon the bier, and the lights, and the picture, faded from before his eyes, with the last pulses of his life. The calumny which had destroyed his hopes, survived its own detection. The recorded falsehood was triumphant over the truth; yet may you see, to this day, where the random strokes of the weapon were aimed for its obliteration. Of himself there is no monument in the tomb, though one touching memorial has reached us. The vaulted chamber buried in the earth was discovered by accident. A fracture was made in its top, by an Italian gentleman in company with a Scottish nobleman. As they gazed eagerly through the aperture, they beheld an ancient warrior in full armor, and bearing a coronet of gold. The vision lasted but a moment. The decomposing effects of the air were soon perceptible. Even while they gazed, the body seemed agitated with a trembling, heaving motion, which lasted a few minutes, and then it subsided into dust. When they penetrated the sepulchre, they found the decaying armor in fragments, the sword, and the helmet, or crown of gold. The dust was but a handful, and this was all that remained of the ancient Lucumo. The terrible picture is all that survives, the false witness, still repeating its cruel lie at the expense of all that is noble in youth and manhood, and all that is pure and lovely in the soul of woman.

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#### FAME.

AND what is Fame—what Glory? Is't to seek  
 The vain applauses of the populace,  
 A storm that soon subsides, a torrent flowing,  
 To-day—to-morrow shrunk so in its bed,  
 It shall not turn a mill:—or is't to bide,  
 The carping of the shallow and the vain,  
 Who, with the outward form of wisdom on,  
 Its semblance only—a dull gravity,—  
 Presume in judgment,—and, with marvellous brow,  
 Bid the young Genius—'hence!' Oh! it is stale,  
 Yet not so stale as rank! It doth offend,  
 The better sense of better spirits than ours,  
 Down-looking angels, when that they behold,  
 The gross presuming despot o'er such realm,  
 Strut in his noon-day brightness, with a mock,  
 That puts the blush on nature, who is dumb,  
 With shame, because of her own handiwork.

G.

THE EPOCHS AND EVENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY, AS  
SUITED TO THE PURPOSES OF ART IN FICTION.

## PART SECOND.

## BENEDICT ARNOLD AS A SUBJECT FOR FICTITIOUS STORY.

WE assume that the man of genius inclines, by reason of natural affection, to do honor to his birth place. Such an inclination belongs to the enthusiastic nature, and this is a sufficient reason why it should be indulged, since enthusiasm very rarely expends itself on objects of an unworthy character. Looking forward then to the future labors of the artist, who shall preserve and adorn our histories, we turn to the histories themselves;—even as the sculptor, in whose mind reposes the perfect ideal of the statue, turns to the rude masses of the quarry from which it must yet be hewn. Have we these masses,—does our material answer for such purposes,—and in what quarter does it lie? The artist, it must be remembered, is a *seer*! He must be able to discover that which is hidden from all other eyes—which other minds have not conjectured—which other persons have not sought. If he fail in this, he is not the man to preserve a nation's history. You may be sure he is no genius. He may be clever, not wanting in a certain sort of talent; but, with all his cleverness, he is no genius. He is only an ordinary workman, in common clay, and his achievements will turn out common-places. It is in the exercise of the "vision and the faculty divine," that the seer is made conscious of one of the leading difficulties in the way of American romance. What portion of our history remains unwritten? What portion of it is so obscure that all may not equally see;—for, it need scarcely be said to the reader, that, if the ordinary citizen is at liberty to contravene your facts and dispute your premises, there is necessarily an end of your story. There must be a faith accorded to the poet equally with the historian, or his scheme fails of effect. The privileges of the romancer only begin where those of the historian cease. It is on neutral ground alone, that, differing from the usual terms of warfare, as carried on by other conquerors, his greatest successes are to be achieved.

A certain degree of obscurity, then, must hang over the realm of the romancer. The events of history and of time, which he employs, must be such as will admit of the full exercise of the great characteristic of genius—imagination. He must be free to conceive and to invent—to create and to endow; without dread of crossing the confines of ordinary truth, and such history as may be found in undisputed re-

cords. He must not expose himself to suspicion by his facts—he must not fear dispute upon his grounds and premises. His materials must be of such a kind as to leave him without danger of rebuke for impropriety; and the only laws and criteria against which he must provide, must be those of good taste and probability, with such other standards as he himself sets up in his progress, as gauges by which to work himself, and by which others are to judge of his performances. When we are told that a history is too fresh for fiction, it is because of this danger that it is so. When it is objected that America is too young for the production of a national literature, it is chiefly because of this difficulty, which fetters and defies invention. Genius dare not take liberties with a history so well known, and approaches her task with a cautious apprehensiveness which is inconsistent with her noblest executions. It is asserted of our men of letters, particularly our poets, that their performances are simply English—that they have none of those distinguishing traits, which might separate them from their great originals, and identify them immediately with the soil which they claim more particularly to represent. It would, perhaps, be matter of greater surprise were the fact otherwise. The reasons why such should be the case are obvious, when we remember what language it is we speak, and how recent is the period which first severed our ancestors from the great maternal nation. There are yet other reasons, the examination of which would carry us too largely aside, into the consideration of society in general; a task which would be equally inconsistent with our duty and present limits. It is enough to say, that our history is English down to a very recent period—our infancy and childhood were wholly so, and such also are the most obvious traits in the character of our individuals,—particularly in the southern parts of the republic, where sparse settlements and the employments of agriculture, tenaciously retain the traditional peculiarities of the race. We have a perfect right to European materials, in all moral respects—its histories, its achievements, its great names; and it is just as legitimate, on the part of our poets, to model themselves upon the great masters of the stock to which they originally belonged, and to employ their fashions and develop their conditions, as it is with those whose immediate sires preferred the more quiet and less courageous duty of clinging still to the ancient firesides. We have all our rights, as Europeans, to the stock of national character, as acquired before our ancestors departed from the soil, as thoroughly as any Briton that remains. The past is ours, of English history, so long as a common ancestry toiled together in its acquisition. We shared a common birth,

a common infancy and joint heritage,—and their Chaucers and Spencers,—their Shakspeares and Miltons,—are ours, down to the moment when the besotted ministry of George the Third determined to spoil us of this heritage. As Americans, we sprang into birth, full grown, if not in panoply. Our political existence, as a nation, is not to be confounded with our existence as a people. The difficulties of the critics, foreign and domestic, and most of the blunders which the former make, in regard to our country, are almost wholly in consequence of their confounding two moral propositions which are wholly irreconcilable. They insist upon an originality in our characteristics which is incompatible with our condition. They assume that our peculiarities must be as decidedly foreign to their own, as if we were people of Owyhee, and reproach us with a likeness to themselves, when in fact we claim those attributes and features to be as decidedly our own right as theirs. That we should think and write, according to the examples and lessons of our ancestors, is not a whit calculated to impair our originality. As Americans, merely, the case is different, and there are peculiarities which we may engraft upon our ancient models, whether in literature or the arts, which would not impair their symmetry, and would not be amiss as regards our independence. We might also shake off some customs and practices, some laws and fashions, which, brought by our European ancestors to America, are yet unnatural and unfriendly to the soil. Our parents were English, but our garments need not be made by an English tailor. Our language is English, but such need not be the case with our literature. Our sense of liberty is English, but it does not follow that we might not rid ourselves of some of the brutalities of English law. Our education is in some respects too little, in others too much English; and many of our social and political strifes and troubles arise from the strange anomaly of a republican people borrowing their educational forms, their laws and models, from an aristocracy—from those of a nation whose objects do not seem the same as ours, and whose aims and performances have been so repeatedly hostile.

Such being our history, as Americans, at once brief in term and deficient in independence,—it is very obvious that, as a whole, it will lack, for the purposes of literature, much of that important obscurity—

“that little glooming light, most like a shade,”

which is so necessary to the invention, and so delightful to the desires and the instincts, of the artist. That twilight of time, that uncertainty of aspect and air in history, which so provokes curiosity, and so en-



courages doubt—that moving, morning hour, grey and misty, which precedes and follows the dawning, but melts away with all its vague outlines and wondrous shadows, in the broad bright blaze of the perfect day;—or that other kindred period, at its close, when the imperfect shadows reappear, and in the obscurity of the twilight, once more leave fancy free to her sports, and imagination to his audacious dreams and discoveries;—these are the periods of time, in history, which, illustrated by corresponding periods of light and darkness, afford to the poet or the artist of a nation, the proper scope for his most glorious achievements.

The discovery of America and its conquest, as a history, seems to have been a day perfect from the beginning. Compared with ancient histories, with those of Greece, and Rome, and Troy, there is very little of that twilight uncertainty in the events preceding and attending it, which corresponds with our similitude drawn from the history of our solar dawn, and leaves the romancer at liberty to conceive his schemes, and embody with courage his own inventions. Our country, as a system, sprang up at once before the nations, a wild and wondrous form, rich in all the attributes of European lore, her arts, her philosophies, her religion. We had to pass through no periods of probation in compassing these attainments. There were none of those humanizing superstitions by which the infant heart of the nation was to be oppressed, before it could seek for, or receive the clearer light of a perfect religious inspiration. And the wild struggles of rival chiefs, the reckless passions of opposing despots, conferred upon us no such numerous histories of civil conflict, such as, during the middle ages, furnished unnumbered themes to the eager bard and novelist, in every land in Europe. All this period of probation and childhood, of feebleness and ignorance, of power unknown to law, and laws unknown to reason or propriety, through which other nations have had to pass, and by which they have been endowed with marvellous treasure for the employment of superior ages,—was denied to ours. And what was not denied of the bold, the wild, the strange, or the terrible,—is, unhappily for present use, a written record. We may take no liberties with it,—‘nothing extenuate, nor set down aught’—for which there is not proper authority in the state papers. We had our beginning, not only in an age when the intellect of Europe was every where active and curious, but after the discovery of printing, and the diffusion of the art had been so general, that, to see, and hear, and publish, beyond recall and suppression, were operations in their nature identical. These influences, while they render our facts less questionable than those of

other nations, for this very reason, deprive the artist of his resources and his courage. Tradition is deprived of his stores, and the audacity of invention is paralyzed on the threshold. The poet who sings of Anglo-American achievements, must sing in fear and trembling,—and such a feeling, we need scarcely say, is a sad weight to be carried by the Muse. Her genius is nothing without her impulse, and the caution which ties her wings, keeps her back from that heaven of invention, the exploration of which is the only assurance for her fame. Her facts must be those which inspire doubt, not those which lead to conviction; and the narrowing records which furnish full details of a history, so far from helping her progress, in the construction of her divine fabrics, are, in reality, so many stumbling blocks in her path. The single leading fact in her possession, or the glimpse of such a fact, is worth to her ten thousand of the accompanying particulars. "It is not possible," as Lord Jeffrey somewhere sarcastically remarks, "to invest with epic or tragic dignity, the brigadiers of Bunker Hill or Saratoga, or to shed a poetical halo round a successful cruise of Commodore Rodgers or Decatur." Perhaps not, and for the very reasons, which we have given; but the sneer of Lord Jeffrey will equally apply to Generals Burgoyne and Cornwallis; to Captain Dacres and Sir James Yeo. The very fact that we can couple these English names with those of our own countrymen, as sharing a common unfitness for the purposes of poetic composition, renders it very clear that it is because of the proximity of the events and persons to our own times, by which we are made too familiar with all the details in their histories, and not because of any intrinsic defect in the material itself,—that such is the case. Removed by time from any searching analysis of curious people,—with but a name, and little more, of a history, upon record,—a vague tradition alone declaring the patriot hero, or the tyrannical invader—and Decatur and Dacres might occupy a place in epic fiction quite as noble as that of Troilus and Ajax. And, even now, something in the way of song, and story, may be done with materials even so unpromising as these. If they cannot furnish themes for the epic and dramatic poet, they are yet not wholly ineligible to other artists; and the lyrist, and the novelist, may achieve a triumph in exercises, in which the more rigid laws of the *Epopée* would provoke failure and contempt. When Campbell sings

"Of Nelson and the North,"

we do not find our poetic sensibilities set at defiance—our tastes are not vexed. The theme is in unison with the strain, and we acknow-

ledge a pliancy in the rules of art, in this respect, which we should fail to perceive in other branches. It might be more difficult to make Nelson the hero of a drama, or of a poem, the laws of which were even so indulgent as those of Scott's ballad romances. We know too much of Nelson for this, and the author could take no such liberties with his biography, as to render his deeds and character symmetrical. The song of Campbell shows us his hero but at a single moment,—speaks of him rather than presents him; and, in terms of vague eulogium, clothed in poetic beauty, renders him a graceful abstraction, the ideal of a hero, rather than *the* hero whom we know—and to this we can oppose no objections, whether drawn from propriety or history. The same personage would be susceptible of still better use in the modern novel. Such material would be more corrigible in the hands of the artist of prose fiction. This species of composition, as it combines some of the qualities of almost every species of imaginative art, whether prose or verse, painting or statuary, so is it susceptible of far more various employment than any. More pliant in the hands of the master, it is more universal in its appreciation of the desires of the multitude. It enters more readily into the general sense, and, to a certain extent, has superseded, and must continue to supersede, in some degree, the uses of all others. To its influence may be ascribed, in part, the decline of the drama in popular estimation; and, it is scarcely possible that, while its sway continues, there will be any return to the elaborate works in poetry, which distinguished periods of less diversified forms of literature. That such has been the effect of this species of composition, may be to be regretted by those who confide entirely in the arbitrary manifestations of form in the classic genius; but that such is its effect and influence, must be regarded as no small proof of its legitimacy as a genuine offspring of art. Insisting upon this particular, we shall consider the prose romance of modern periods, along with the attributes of poetic art as known to former ages, in discussion of the pliancy, for their common purposes, of the materials which may be furnished by American history.

We have said, differing from high English authority, that something, even now, might be done with our Brigadiers of the Revolution. A single instance, by way of illustration, may passingly be examined. We will select one, the events in whose history we consider particularly susceptible of use, even at this early day, by the novelist;—but by the novelist only, for the mellowing hand of time is necessary to effect its entire preparation for the hands of other artists, whose laws are much more arbitrary, and whose province is necessarily more con-

finéd. Our instance shall be drawn from the most exciting period of the Revolution. Our subject shall have been one of its proudest spirits—a gigantic aspect in our ranks—a man who,

—“in valour proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower!”

His deeds shall have been of the last importance to the country. They shall relate to a series of the most vivid and interesting transactions—distinguished by an action, lively, painful, and pathetic,—uniting the extremes of glory and of shame, the highest and the lowest purposes of human ambition. We speak now of the deeds and history of Benedict Arnold—of Arnold the traitor!

Perhaps, were the question put suddenly, without concert, to any group of literary men, promiscuously assembled, throughout the United States—were they required at once to designate the one man of the revolution, whose history, beyond that of all others, furnishes the most obvious materials for the romancer—the probability is, that the great majority would agree upon this man! No other series of events, in all that history, seem more naturally to group themselves in the form of story. None were of a more important character—none endowed with a more tragic interest. The fate and fortunes of Benedict Arnold, are, indeed, such as, beyond all others, seem meant “to point the moral and adorn the tale.” Brave to desperation, heroism was with him a natural and noble instinct. Among the first to take up arms in the cause of his country, he was the first to lead into the thickest ranks of danger. Privations only seemed to heighten his capacity for endurance, while opposition warmed his valour into a flame, which his own streaming blood could never extinguish. Gallantly leading on the charge, vigorously heading the assault, the epic hero of antiquity never presented a more exquisite instance of fortitude, conduct and audacity of valor, such as bestows animation upon song, and imparts impulse to the creative glow of the inspired genius. We behold him at Quebec and at Saratoga, and still he appears the same generous and fearless hero,—as bold as Hector, as unyielding as the greater Ajax. What a character for the first grand opening scenes of the drama—what swelling acts for the great theatres of patriotism and song—sure, to secure the admiration of the spectator, as Arnold himself most certainly, did, at this period, secure that of the American people. Doubtful of their great hope—suffering from privation—harrassed by frequent defeat—it is not wonderful that the brilliant career of Arnold—particularly the great share which he had in winning the field of Sa-

ratoga—should have dazzled their eyes, and baffled their judgments. His star continued to rise in the ascendant, like the sun,—

“As when his beams at noon  
Culminate from the equator,—”

'till, almost alone, it fixed the gaze of the people, who began to regard the calmer and the colder Washington as the stalking horse of the pageant—wanting in heroism as conduct,—the mere presentment of the king—the Agamemnon, perhaps, but not the Achilles—the Æneas, but not the Hector, of our Troy! And the cry runs on Arnold.\* Even those who possess an abiding faith in the true virtues, and the real greatness of Washington, begin to address him in the language of expostulation, such as the Prince of Ithaca employs, when he would provoke Achilles to exertion.

“Then marvel not, thou great and complete man  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might; and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent.”

It was the good fortune of America, as it was the true greatness of Washington, that he was not impatient of himself—that he could resist equally the entreaties, and the arguments of friends, and the goadings of his own ambition—that, heedless of the cry which ran on Arnold, he could content himself, cased in his tent, waiting his hour, until the time for proper action had arrived;—while his less circum-spect rival, encouraged to presumption by success, and the adulation of blind worshippers, maddens with an equal blindness; and, first intoxicated by hope, then furious by disappointment, grasps the torch of the incendiary for the destruction of the high temple in which he had been sworn the officiating priest. His hand is lifted, but his deed still cloaked, and the hour is fast speeding whose entire revolution is to bring about the catastrophe—equally fatal to his honest fame, and the

\* Speaking with strict propriety, the cry ran on Gates, with whose name the Convention of Saratoga was more particularly coupled. But, in point of fact, the mere individual made but little difference, since it was with the caution and prudence of Washington, that the impatience of the public found fault. His Fabian policy did not suit the impetuous temperament of the people, though it saved them. Arnold was the true hero in the overthrow of Burgoyne. Gates was never any thing better than a name. His talents were small, and his behaviour to Washington extremely little and unworthy.

liberties of his country. The interest grows naturally with the struggle which is in progress, equally in his mind, and between the advocates of the rival heroes. The people, like the ancient chorus, clamour their wishes, and bemoan their disappointments. Unlike the ancient chorus, however, they soon begin to take an active part in the events of the drama. The result is doubtful. Ambition begins to rear his crest in triumph, while patriotism trembles with numerous and growing apprehensions. Faction exults in confidence, while affection falters in the trust which it ever had in the genius of Washington. For a moment—for a moment only,—the fate of this great nation swings doubtfully in the balance! The catastrophe follows!—none more sudden,—none more complete in the whole wide world of scenic exhibition. The fall of a great man!—not by death, for death is no foe to the fame that is already sure in past performance!—not by the jealous rival, or the dark assassin;—but by the rapid spreading of the single plague-spot—the inherent baseness of his own soul. And such a fall!—To what utter perdition, not only of all future fame, but of all past achievement—the annihilation of that hope which lived in coming days and deeds—and the overthrow of those high monuments, which men had raised up as trophies to denote the deeds already done! A mighty, an irrevocable fall—total to the hero—terrible to the spectator—like that of Lucifer—‘never to rise again,’—yet not such a fall as would satisfy the catastrophe, or furnish an appropriate denouement for the dramatic scene. A fall to be stigmatized by the curses of the chorus—to be moralized by the didactic poet into a thousand homilies for the ears of reverent youth;—but utterly insusceptible of use upon the stage—having no outward action, no results, corresponding with the crime—no punishment which human eye might follow, proportioned to the extent of his deserving—a fall of the soul rather than of the frail body which it informs—a conflict of the wild, benighted heart, ending in moral discomfiture and shame; not of the muscular and mighty frame, overborne by superior skill and power, and yielding, but fighting bravely to the last.

And with what adjuncts of poetry and passion—of tears and tenderness—of pride and passion—may that dark conflict be allied! His was not the single ruin. It is coupled with the fate of André—a mournful story of the blight of early promise. Young and full of genius—loving and full of hope—brave and burning with ambition—he too falls with the traitor—is dragged down to the same dreadful moral death! He perishes—a sad catastrophe,—but one from which the human spectator recoils with horror. The chorus must close the nar-

rative. The scene which degrades the hero must not offend the audience. André upon the dishonoring tree, like Hector roped to the car of Achilles, is a spectacle which may be spared the eyes which have previously been delighted with his youth, his beauty, his generous virtue, and his noble valour and devotion!

## SONG—'SUCH, OH! BEAUTY!'

Such, oh! Beauty! the amorous strains  
 Sung in thy praises in happier hours;  
 Thus the free spirit rejoiced in chains,  
 But only because they were framed of flowers;  
 When they grew strong with flight of years  
 To fetter the heart of the youthful rover,  
 The spirit felt troubled with many fears,  
 And the time for laughing in chains was over;—  
     Beauty, yes!  
 The spirit felt troubled with many fears,  
 And the time for laughing in chains was over.  
 And yet, oh! Beauty! thy chains, though breaking,  
 And sterner grown in the strifes of men,  
 A look, or a lay of thine will waken  
 A rapture such as they kindled then;  
 And sad, in its very freedom, sighing,  
 The spirit will turn from thy smile and say,  
 Ah! better far in her bondage lying,  
 Than cheerlessly thus waste life away;  
     Beauty, yes!  
 Better far in thy bondage lying,  
 Than cheerlessly thus waste life away.

## CONSCIOUSNESS.

Is it thy pleasure o'er the summer sea,  
 To glide with noiseless prow and easy sail,  
 Regardless of the nobler sovereignty  
 Of wind and wave, and the triumphant gale?—  
 Then we part company; for I should quail,  
 From non-performance, and my course must be,  
 Where the strife thickens, and the meaner pale,  
 And back recoil, and nought but danger see,  
 Where Glory smiles alone, and Victory burns for me.



## SPRING.

A FRAGMENT FROM A PHILOSOPHICAL TALE.

BY WM. WRAGG SMITH.

THE spring had now set in in all its glory. Oh! season of enchantment! Season of delicious dreams! Fresh as the matin dew-drops on thy fragrant flowers, are the recollections thou dost renew,—the sweet associations thou dost still awaken. Even as thou biddest the frost-bound earth to break the gloomy bondage of winter, and array herself in smiling green—the sear and sapless branch to put forth once again buds of promise, so dost thou fill the heart, whose hopes are blighted, and seem dead, with vague and tender aspirations—with assurances of some sweet desire yet to be realized, and linked, if not unto the fading and imperfect bliss of this world, to the perfect beauty, and love, and harmony of the next. Come then, thou genial influence, shed upon my soul thy healing balm:—steep my senses in the true love of that eternal beauty, and perfect happiness, which I see mirrored upon the face of this natural world:—teach me to discard those vain hopes, those foolish longings, which were wont to haunt my spirit at the sweet even-tide, when, companioned by the solitary whippoorwill, and the pale star that listened to her wail, I dreamt those youthful dreams of earthly bliss, too pure, alas! and never to be extracted out of the drops of mortal affections:—melt down these eyes no more into useless tears, distilled from the sick and wearied heart; but quicken in me a new sense to feel alone the divinity of thy presence, that peacefully and cheerfully I may sit me down beneath the late shunned oak, whose hoary moss-beard, waved by the solemn breeze, has so often mingled its sighs with my repinings, and sadden no more to think how changeless are these olden scenes—how oppressive with former associations this same melody of the feathered choir—while *I* have been changed; while chord after chord of the music which once played about my boyish heart has snapped, and the æolian lyre itself been crushed by the rough winds of reality. Hail, birth-time of delicious sense—of divine contemplation! Thy presence brings unto the simple-minded happy, such freshness, and fulness, as gentle showers bring unto even-flowing brooks. The sorrowful, and self-exiled from the world, repose upon thy bosom, drawing from it the milk of love: they are the babes of nature, and in thee they know their nurse. But sterner spirits, and manlier intellects, aspire to mingle

with thy godhead, and seek from thee a bolder inspiration. The poet wraps himself up in thy etherial mantle, and cheats the world's vanity and delusion with ideal forms of beauty and perfection. His creative power is as boundless as thine: his being is of a different order from that of common mortals: he triumphs over the mocking past; it is unto him but as the 'baseless fabric of a dream;' its anguish silly as that of the nightmare, not bred of the infirm mind, but necessarily caused by the foul vapours of a rebellious stomach, and subject always to the test of reason. Ay—even as the dead leaves of autumn unto thee, so is the past unto him: for out of its bitter putrefaction he extracts a principle of vitality, and creates beauty, and freshness, and symmetry, out of desolation, and rottenness, and confusion. The philosopher,—the man of action,—the man of common sense,—and common avocations, dares to encounter thee in all thy plenitude of ravishing and voluptuous charms, in the most secret chamber of thy handmaid nature, without the fear of being seduced into dreamy luxury and lethargic melancholy, by thy ineffable enchantment; and grave science, and holy contemplation, walk hand in hand with thee in pure communion, intent on thoughts that pass the pale of self. In the melody of thy voice they recognize the music of the spheres, and not the mournful echo of some sickly sentiment, or resuscitated association.

"Life is short!"—hear the man of action—the man of business—the man of common sense exclaim; and, as the lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane, thus shakes he off from the mind the noxious vapours that would settle on it, and bounds upon his accustomed path rejoicing in his conscious strength. "Life is short—lo! the spring-tide of nature: it is the time of creation—of busy action: the earth labours, grass shoots, flowers spring, the bee hastens forth, the ant toils: all is redolent of happiness—of the happiness of motion—of provident exertion." All is typical of death and life in the moral, as well as in the physical condition of man. The frosts of winter have strewn around the tree its perished honours; but it repines not, neither does it die: new leaves and branches spring up on the freshened stem: thus doth it fulfill the law and mandate of its creator. And is it not so with man? His early hopes are doomed to perish. Each blossom of the imagination, as it fades and drops on the earth, becomes no more a part of him. Does he not sin against nature, and against God, by persisting in cherishing as a wholesome fragrance what has become a noxious corruption, festering the vitals of his being? He has but fulfilled a part of the necessary law of existence. The inevitable decree has gone forth: *change—change—constant change*: the bodily frame,

feelings, affections, imagination, thought, all are in a state of progressive revolution! How vain, then, to conceive that, in the world, we belong to ourselves; and to aim at unity, when we constitute but a link in a chain subservient to other moral links! How vain to exult in the temporary realization of one fond idea, when experience tells us that we must shortly change it for another! How vain to repine at the disappointments we so love to magnify, when reflection, and acquaintance with the actual world, reduce them mostly to visionary nothings! When we reason that the attainment of certain objects depends upon certain means; that if those means were absolutely beyond our reach, it would be folly—madness to seek the object; that, had they been possible, the mind is at once much relieved by the consciousness of having exerted a choice—that the means might have been put in execution, had not some cost or sacrifice deterred us,—then we must have voluntarily relinquished the pursuit of the object, and cannot call that a disappointment, which is no more than the effect of a preference bestowed upon some other superior object; if from inclination, though it were a weakness, the lesser object was lost in the greater—if from duty, the satisfaction of a duty performed rises for ever a sweet smelling savour to the heart, cleansing it of all the bitterness of regret. But if the means failed us in spite of exertion, by the mere caprice of fortune, let us triumph over the dilemma by exclaiming with the poet, in a double sense:

"Nullum Numen habes, si sit prudentia; sed te,  
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cœloque locamus."

We often charge a failure to fortune, which a little more care—a little more energy, on our part, would have prevented: and when after-knowledge convinces us how easily we might now, by pursuing the proper method, succeed in the attainment of the self-same object which we have lamented in all the bitterness of despair as denied us—snatched from us by the cruelty of fortune, it loses that importance with which the morbid imagination has invested it: for it is natural to us to hone after things which we think we cannot obtain, and to undervalue those which are either actually in our possession, or which we conceive to be easily within our reach. If this process does not satisfy us, let us apply to our case the more powerful panacea—the general sense of the above sublime lines. How many different kinds of armour may we not put on against this wild and subtle enemy! what various ways are there of unmasking, and laughing to scorn, and trampling under our feet this mock power—this false divinity:

whether we resort to the schools of ancient wisdom, and clothe ourselves in the mail of stoic virtue; or learn the cunning and magic of philosophy; whether, with the Mahometan, we take refuge behind a cloud of smoke, and flourish a *chibouque* in the face of the foe; or insult her mock majesty with a simple shrug, answering her frowns with impurtatable gravity and a brief '*kismet*;' or whether, with more certain security, we assume the panoply of christian fortitude and virtue, defy the baffled enemy, and break in pieces the heathen idol.

When we discover that the means upon which the attainment of an object depends, are totally of a different nature from what we had conceived—repugnant to our feelings—and not in accordance with the idea itself we had formed of the object,—as, for example, if in our love for a fair woman we entertain exalted notions of the purity of her mind, and the perfection of her nature,—when the means requisite to gain her are base, trivial, or inconsistent with the imaginary romantic attributes upon which love built its faith: or if popular applause has presented itself to our youthful ambition in the abstract, reflecting the spontaneous fruits of noble emotions, and intellectual endowments, and it is seen that these rare plants of promise which we had set to grow, suspended in too high and uncongenial a medium, wither, and “waste their sweetness on the desert air,” while such as we have rejected as common-place, valueless, and without fragrance—rooted in the earth, and nourished with its grossest aliments—have sprung up to that conspicuous height which challenges the vulgar eye;—what cause is there for any disappointment? I have lost nothing that I desired: that which is to be obtained, I set no value on. In bargaining with the world I have not lost the bargain: it is I who have proposed the terms; it is the world which has not accepted them. Who is the loser? not I, but the world. The world may deny this, and cast in my teeth ‘sour grapes’: I can easily give it the lie by still adhering to my principles—*Cæsar aut nullus*;—*I asked for bread, and ye have given me a stone*. Let the fable apply to those for whom it was intended. It suits the fox: but it is elsewhere written,—the wolf, though famishing, scorned to live the life of the dog upon the fat of the land, with base conditions, and the forfeit of his liberty. Let the sleek lick-platter of the world bark himself into transient notoriety like the cur: the man of strong parts, of independence, and character, like the nobler animal, prefers the sweet though scant gleanings of the free mountain-tops and fresh native woods of lofty integrity, and prime untainted desire, to the world's proffered plenty with its collar, and chain, and degrading service. Were it not for the few who remain inflexible

with stern principles, stedfast to their own creed of a better state of things, society would be deprived of those great moral checks to a career of vice, of those mild and salutary influences which imperceptibly disperse their purifying beams through it, of those reserved energies which with electric power at once rid it of its impurities. Were none to resist, it would become one mass of corruption, and convulsions and revolutions alone could give a new birth to things. Here then will I take my stand upon the sublime pinnacle of triumphant truth,—upon the isthmus which yet divides the two great oceans—the Atlantic, and the Pacific of life—the stormy and ship-wrecked past, and the more settled and encouraging future: and looking out from the Pharo of hope, patiently await the time when my vessel shall return from the discovery of her appointed haven, fraught at last with the rich treasure that shall secure me affluence and peace for the rest of my days.

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THE MOTHER'S TEAR.

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BY W. GARDNER BLACKWOOD.

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'Twas in the grave yard I would be!—  
 Among the sleepers there,  
 Sad winds were gliding noiselessly,  
 And leaves of the gloomy cypress tree  
 Quivered their thin lips over me,  
 As if in midnight prayer.

Even by a little grave, new made,  
 Sodded with turf of green;  
 By the earth-clodded pick and spade,  
 Of drowsy sexton, careless laid,  
 In garments of the night arrayed,  
 One knelt to weep unseen.

The mourner's face with youth was fair,  
 But sad and very pale;—  
 Not age alone is bowed to care;—  
 Grief had set heavy signet there,  
 And choking sob, and swelling tear,  
 Mix'd ever with her wail.

For the low grave, so cold and lone,  
 Was yet the cradled nest,  
 For love's sweet blossom, the first blown,  
 Dearest of all the past had known,  
 A moment seen on earth, then flown,  
 From the dear mother's breast.

But a pure sorrow doth refine,  
 The heart that love hath won;  
 And sudden touch'd by grace divine,  
 The mother spake, with voice benign,  
 Kneeling the while, with prayerful sign,  
 "Father! thy will be done!"

Then rose, and took the path that lay  
 Through the low wicket nigh,  
 Shone as she pass'd a sudden ray,  
 A gleam as of the coming day,  
 Glanced on the grave, and bore away,  
 A tear drop to the sky.

*Charleston, S. C.*

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## THE CITY HERMIT.

### I.

#### A LIFE WITHIN THE LIMITS.

AFTER all, it depends wholly on the imagination. A man lives in his mind rather than in his frame. He is a thing of thoughts and sensibilities, of fancies and speculations, rather than of place. He is not an animal, unless you make him so by training. You shall shut him up, but this does not keep him,—fasten him in chains, and yet he shall be most perfectly at freedom,—deny that he shall go forth, and he shall, in the next moment, make every quarter of the world his own. Hence, it is, that I am reconciled to the city limits. It is barely possible, dear reader, that you know not what the city limits are. You are not upon them, nor within them. You have never lived for your neighbors—never subjected yourself to risk and danger and expense, that hilarity should prevail in the community—never sought the diffusion of hoarded treasure, and by certain ingenuities of penmanship, for which knowledge you are indebted to far-seeing and affectionate parents, acquired the art of conjuring from the coffers of the miser, the wealth whose only value lies in its universal diffusion. The city limits are provided for those who are benefactors after this fashion. They constitute a kingdom for his benefit. He is permitted to look around him, with the satisfaction of Selkirk on his island, and congratulate himself, if he pleases, by the reflection that all that he sees is his own. Here he is at perfect liberty. He may set his feet where he pleases. He may go forth and return at his own hours. Within these bounds, he is secure from all compulsory

process of law. He has no cares for the morrow, no toils, no afflictions. He is not expected to set his house in order, to receive friends, to maintain wife and children. It may be thought by erring minded persons, that this condition of felicity is somewhat qualified by the fact that his empire is a circumscribed one—that he dare not pass beyond the appointed boundary, and that he may traverse every portion of his domain in the brief compass of twenty-four hours. But the sun himself has no greater dominion, and he is fortunate who can traverse his estates, and see all that he possesses with every revolution of the sun. I pity those whose fortunes are too much scattered for this—who have some of their treasures on the ocean, some upon the prairie—some in India and some in America. The estate is best managed which a single eye may compass. Empire depends not on extent of territory. Is Delaware less a State because you may fight your friend across it at moderate distance? Is Rhode Island not in possession of a State prisoner, charged with rebellion, whom she holds fast and close, with becoming majesty, and is not her domain small enough to be carried in a Mississippi hornboat. It is the condition, the state, which makes the sovereignty, and he who is provident may gather as many sources of enjoyment in the compass of a mile square, as the Russian with his millions of miles and subjects. The Duchy of Weimar is an example that should answer the purpose of a thousand arguments.

I am not sure that the city limits were decreed as the reward of merit—as the acknowledgment of a people grateful to their benefactors. Men are proverbially ungrateful. They know not when they are well served. They have little sense of thankfulness for those who circulate wealth among them. I confess, it has sometimes appeared to me that these privileges were really assigned by way of punishment. The idea was a refined one—too subtle, I think, altogether to satisfy the experiment. It was probably assumed, that to limit the freedom of locomotion at all, after having once provoked the appetite for it, was really to inflict pain. They were in error. They really knew little of the wonderful flexibility of the human mind—how it accommodates itself to its condition, and, out of the very agents of its own suffering, makes instruments of delight and comfort. It was no fable that of Mithridates. I have no doubt that he fed upon opium, hellebore, and other nasty drugs, with all the *gout* of a tobacco chewer. Man is the only animal known to possess this singular susceptibility of adaptation. It is an argument in favor of his divinity. I can understand how the King of Pontus should relish these poisons and



grow fat upon them; the thing has been clear to me ever since I have been upon the city limits. If they thought to mortify me in the manner suggested, they were grievously mistaken. I have known no limits. I have been conscious of no restraints. I went where I pleased—saw what I pleased, though I never lost sight of Magazine-street, and the Poor-house. In the language of dear little Oliver, I was

“Creation’s heir—

The world, the world was mine!”

I became a great traveller within the limits—not after the fashion of that German who wrote a book of his travels without ever leaving his bed-chamber. For my part, I seldom kept mine. If my empire was limited, I made the most of it. I went forever among my subjects. I traversed all the roads in my dominion, and could thus see when they were out of order; and my close attention to this subject, was no small annoyance to my commissioners of streets and lamps. I venture the assertion, that no other portion of the city was kept so clean, or so well-lighted, as mine. It was important to my own comfort that this should be so, and I never suffered the public authorities to escape me. I kept a regular journal and noted down all deficiencies. My communications were constant to the special commissioners, and when they were remiss or neglectful, I turned to the city authorities. I made the Conscript Fathers give ear. I wrote them individually and collectively. I did not spare my reproaches. My letters to Messrs. Cogdell, Inglesby, and Patrick, would fill a volume. The Mayor has had my frequent autograph, and esteems it, I am told, quite as much as Tefft, of Savannah, does those of Mrs. Anne Royal and Catharine of Russia. I flatter myself, that when it becomes necessary to write my biography, this correspondence will be of no small value in elucidating the progress of city affairs. My hands, in this way, have been quite full ever since the limits were assigned me. I have suggested most of the improvements within my domain. I owe little to the counsels of others. Trees have been planted, marshes reclaimed, streets paved, and lamps set up purely at my instigation. The authorities chafe under my urgency, but my subjects exult. The former would, I have no doubt, gladly alter the law from which my privileges are derived, to deprive me at once of my powers and my pleasures; but, in doing so, they dread lest this may only lead to their greater extension. They would drive me from my territory if they could, but they peril too much by the experiment.

Thus do I keep my sway. I have enjoyed my immunities for many years. I have traversed every part of my empire, so that no portion of it but is familiar to my eyes. By day and by night, I have trodden its streets and alleys—numbered its houses and inhabitants, and clothed each with a history of its own. I know all the men, and all the women, by this time, know me. I have cuffed the boys when they were in my way, and kissed the girls, who, with the instinct of their nature, knowing what to expect, would seldom get out of it until the penalty was incurred. My empire has its antiquities, and of all that immense region within the area bounded by Beaufain-street on the north, and Broad on the south, with St. Philip's for the base on the east, down to the waters of the Ashley, I have grown a chronicler whose authority nobody cares to dispute. With a mind concentrated upon this territory and this alone, I suffered nothing that belonged to it to escape my notice. Its humblest records, its meanest alleys, had a significance and interest in my sight, which your Grecian alcoves, and Asian obelisks, could never have possessed. I learned to love many of the living families, and to venerate many of those over which the turf lay lightly. I studied the characters around me, and compared them with the past.

I ransacked all the old houses, and grew intimate with every grand dame of the revolution. I could trace every redoubt of that period, could tell where the British barges lay, could show where the houses were set on fire by the enemy's shells, and what persons perished by the shot from their batteries. And, even before that eventful period I accumulated chronicles, which, from the lips of a good *raconteur*, would have their value in the ears of the present generation. My pilgrimages within their limits were thus prolific of studies and advantages, of which neither friends nor foes had a thought, when they assigned them to my supervision. If these privileges were accorded by the well disposed, they probably designed nothing more than to acquit themselves finally of obligations;—if by the hostile, they were greatly mistaken in supposing they had inflicted a penalty. They have latterly enlarged my boundaries, but the new territory now assigned me has not the same interest in my eyes with the old. That was antique and classical,—this has an air of newness which forbids that I should cherish it. It can never be to me like the former. There, I have arrived at power and authority, and am regarded by all with a sort of filial veneration. They look upon me as a patriarch—the relic of better times and people. It was in that ancient province that my young passions were subdued, that I began to contract my-

self within the empire of thought, and to address my affections to humanities which I have made as real, as I have found them lovely. All things in that sphere, so circumscribed, have acquired interest in my eyes. Not a walk is there in which I have not found pictures, and the rusty cannon, at the corner of the streets, have beguiled me with many histories. There was the old gaol, black with years, itself a history, and with its huge walls, and grated windows, looking very much as, in my young fancy, the Bastile of Paris must have done, the day before it was ravaged by the tumultuous vengeance of the mob. My thoughts and imagination, have endowed each spot of my domain with a charm which I should find no where else, though the city might be newer, the streets wider, the walks and trees more refreshing; and, standing at my boundary line and looking out beyond, gave me something of that vague feeling of curiosity which the Spaniards must have felt when they first began to catch glimpses of the Lucayos. But I quickly suppressed this feeling, retired into my fastnesses, and making the most of my own territories, found myself amply compensated, by what they possessed, for those things and regions which were denied to my possession. How I amused myself, what discoveries I made, what were my thoughts, my hopes, my dreams and my desires, may hereafter furnish the material of my writings. But I am an essayist, not a novelist. I have none of the creative or the inventive power. I can speculate, and muse, and wander on in sweet and bitter fancies, but I know not how to combine. I am the master of none of the arts that tickle the ear of the sentimentalist. I cannot write verses, and am as little able to sing them. But of my empire, within the limits, I can say something. I have sketches of what I have seen, and memoirs of what I thought, and what I wished for. I have had my cares and my triumphs, and even the experience of my boyhood, may furnish more than an essay from which other boys may learn, while those who are no longer boys may read to the re-awakening of sad and pleasant memories. I may relate the modes by which I arrived at the distinction of city limits, and this would be a history, not of myself only, but of many more. Nay, I have more than one chronicle, by which it may be easily shown how much more profitable is loss than gain,—how much better it is for the heart and for prosperity, to suffer the worst, than to inflict the least pain upon humanity. Enough here, while old Chaucer shall help me to a most appropriate conclusion.

"At my beginning first I you heseche  
Have me excused of my rude speche :

## STANZAS.

I lerned never rhetorike certain ;  
 Thing that I speke it mote be bare and plain :  
 I slept never on the Mount of Pernaso,  
 Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cicero.  
 Colours ne know I non, withouten drede,  
 But swiche colours as growen in the mede,  
 Or elles swiche as men die with or peinte ;  
 Colours of rhetorike ben to me queinte ;  
 My spirit feleth not of swiche matere :  
 But if you lust, my Tale shul ye here."

THE CITY HERMIT.

## STANZAS.

BY BERNARD HILTON.

WHEN Time shall tell of other gleams,  
 Than those which now persuade the soul,  
 And Fancy joyous in her dreams,  
 Shall vainly seek in thought a goal ;  
 Bound 'neath the iron grasp of care,  
 That mocks the strength with aspect rude,—  
 Perchance the moments once so dear,  
 May then rejoice thy solitude.

Then may the idle song I trace,  
 Bring freshly back to memory,  
 The happy time, in life's young race,  
 When all was joy to thee and me ;  
 And glimpses shall restore the hours,  
 Too dear to lose, too bright to last,  
 When all was blest with blushing flow'rs,  
 And not a star was overcast ;

When nature was a duteous page,  
 That served thee still with joys and gems,  
 And Time, O ! how unlike that sage,  
 That snaps all roses from their stems.  
 Ah ! if in that sad hour this strain,  
 May aught relieve or aught restore,  
 I have not always sung in vain,  
 That always sung in vain before.

*Greendale, Ala.*

## HALSTED'S RICHARD THE THIRD.

It is no easy matter to disturb the decisions of a great poet, and produce in the popular mind a conviction of his injustice. His judgment is a judgment for eternity. His decisions are written in letters of life on immortal adamant; and to pluck them thence, or to obscure, or in any wise impair their impressions, is beyond any power save that of a genius corresponding in strength with that of him by whom they were recorded. The life of Richard the Third is set up for eternal infamy by the hands of one of those matchless masters, whose decrees are final. The deeds, real or supposed, of Richard, are inseparable from the genius of Shakspeare. You can no more deny the history than you can overthrow and disclaim the poet,—and the simple and singular fact, that this wondrous master has in truth done grievous wrong to a wise and greatly endowed Prince, without leaving to human justice the power of reversing the decree, or relieving the sufferer from the burden and the shame which he is doomed to bear, is, of all things, the most conclusive as to the wonderful power of the poet, and the wonderful durability of his works over those of all other mortal builders. Undying fame, and an infamy as undying, are equally in his gift; and the great men living before Agamemnon, may sometimes rejoice, having the unenviable immortality of Richard Plantagenet before their eyes, that they were not subjected to the capricious will, and the irretrievable judgment, which might have followed their possession of a poet. From the work before us, which is remarkable rather for its industry than its ability, we gather—what modern historians have for some time past been prepared to believe—that Richard the Third was guiltless of many, if not most of the crimes allotted to his charge. The doubt, though entertained by some older writers, was first insisted upon, in modern times, by Horace Walpole. It is only in modern times, indeed, that this doubt can be cleared up,—as it is only now that we are tracing history to its proper sources, by a series of researches which spares nothing of the labor, from which the loose writers of an earlier age have always shrunk. Shakspeare, himself, has probably provoked this study, as certainly as Walter Scott has done. We owe to the romances of the latter that a new impulse has been given, in recent years, to the study of the history of the middle ages; and the very improbabilities and extravagancies of Richard the Third, addressed, as they evidently are, to the vulgar prejudice, must frequently have disturbed the confidence of the philosopher in the revelations of the poet. Following up the train of enquiry set on foot by Walpole and others, Miss (?) Halsted has addressed herself to a most painful and prolonged analysis of all the materials extant for this history. She is in possession of the old chroniclers, and has secured vast bodies of authority into which the early historians never looked, and of which they were wholly ignorant. Her work is unhappily too controversial in its character, ever to be popular. Few will read it. She should not have argued the case with Shakspeare. This was a grievous error. She might have known that she must be cast—that

the eloquence of the master would sway every prejudice against her, and that her defence would be listened to as coldly, as the miserable machine of the stock company, who treads the scene just after the disappearance of the star. What says the bard:—

“As in a theatre the eyes of men  
After a well graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
Even so——”

Such is the danger which our author incurs by a controversial history. It should have been simply narrative,—clear, transparent, the argument always to the point, and brief, and the authorities summed up in as close a space as possible. The style should have been simple, unincumbered by notes and references, and the conclusions urged without the constant reference to the for and against of preceding writers. The advantages which the author has yielded by a work so thoroughly controversial as the present, are numerous. Her book is cumbrous, full of needless repetitions, darkened by marginal notes, and by episodes of no interest even to the dispute. And, more than all, she loses to the reader whatever of interest the history could possess as a history—as the story of a life, and of many lives. It is not the biography of Richard—one of real interest and delight if properly written—but an argument which Miss Halsted maintains with More, Hollinshead, Fabyan, Rous and Shakspeare, whether Richard did or did not commit the crimes laid to his account. And the *pros* and *cons*, the whys and wherefores, are to be gone through with, and all the tedious details, as in a court of justice, when, by simply stating in elegant narrative what she knows, and putting her authorities in the appendix, she not only proves her case as effectually as she does now, but she also delights the reader in doing so, and leaves him sensible of pleasure rather than fatigue. The life of Richard might have been made, perfectly truthful, yet to read like a romance. She has made it a wearisome struggle through a wilderness of notes, interminable repetitions, fatiguing references and asides, to say nothing of a style never elegant, and frequently clumsy and incorrect. Still, the work has its interest because of its material. Many will be pleased to read it because of its argument—some for the intrinsic merits of the details. Though not much of a logician, and arguing her case with little adroitness, she has yet, having the facts with her, made out a very conclusive case in behalf of her subject. She proves many things in favor of Richard, which our prejudices will render it difficult for us to believe;—disproves many of the things against him, which we have been so persuaded of by the poet, that, not to believe still, will be equally difficult. A brief summary of her conclusions, and, we may add, our own, may not be amiss for that class of general readers who—will scarcely read this volume. She proves, in the first place, that Richard was not deformed at all—that, though slight of person, he was graceful and active, with muscle superior to his appearance, and a degree of physical strength which placed him on a footing with some of the best warriors of his time and country. She shows that his features

were fine and pleasing—that the expression of his face was sweet and attractive, his voice and manner good, and his deportment persuasive in the extreme. His teeth at birth, his long claws and hair, are all shown to be the ridiculous monstrosities of vulgar apprehension, when it became necessary in the reign of the first Tudors to make him a scarecrow.

It is shown that his education had been careful, under the care of his mother, a woman of remarkable dignity and virtue,—and his training in arms took place at the court of Burgundy, then the most chivalrous Court in Europe. He was benevolent, gentle, and generous; fond of letters and the arts, a promoter of christian works, and the founder of colleges, and other literary institutions. We are surprised to find that he married Anne of Warwick when he was but nineteen, and she but seventeen, and not when he was a worn-out profligate, hardened in all manner of sin, and only coldly solicitous of the means for the acquisition of new power—that Anne was not the widow of Edward of Lancaster,—had never been married, but only betrothed to him—that Richard of Gloster had always loved her, as he had been reared in her intimacy, and that there is every reason to believe that she was devotedly attached to him.

It is also very clearly shewn that Edward of Lancaster was slain in the battle of Tewksbury, not after it;—and that Richard's hands were not in any degree stained in his blood, except in so far as he himself was engaged in the combat on the opposite side. That it was not while following the funeral of Henry, that Anne was encountered by Richard, for the funeral took place from the tower by water,—and Anne was, at this very time, in concealment, in the house of Clarence, degraded to the garb and condition of a scullion, in order that she might be kept from Richard, whose love for her was known, and with whom Clarence was unwilling to divide the immense treasures of Warwick, her father, to which he would have been entitled, in the event of his marriage with the daughter.

It is shown that there is no sort of evidence to prove that Richard slew Henry of Lancaster, in the tower, or that he was slain at all; some of the best authorities stating that, always feeble of mind and body, and long declining, the tidings of the fatal battle of Tewksbury, the death of his son, and the captivity of his wife, proved fatal. The body was exposed for two days, was publicly examined—there are no signs of assassination; and why Richard should have incurred the odium of such a deed—one of the most politic of Princes—when all the benefits accrued to Edward the Fourth, is an improbability that readily arrests the attention of the most thoughtless.

In regard to the execution of Clarence, which the poet, following some of the Tudor authorities, without a word from contemporaries to justify the accusation, ascribes to the malice and ambition of Richard,—it is shown that he was absent at the time and for some time before—and that no sort of evidence is to be found involving him in any manner with the affair, unless favorably, as it appears that his entreaties for Clarence's safety were urged by letter from where he was at the time. This fact being indisputable, the Tudor historians



insinuate that his entreaties were only feebly urged. But suppose he had said nothing? The tale of Clarence choosing the best of malmsey to die in, is shown to be one of the vulgar stories of the populace. It is hinted, however, as the source of this wild improbability, that he found his death in a cup of malmsey—certainly, the more reasonable mode of dying through such medicine.

In short, up to the period of the demise of Edward the Fourth, and his assumption of the Protectorate, all reliable history goes to show, not only that Richard of Gloster was free from the guilt that is now fastened on his scutcheon, but that he was one of the most exemplary and virtuous Princes of his time—gentle and generous as became the best days of chivalry—brave as the best of his race—none more fearless—and faithful beyond them all to his pledges, whether made to his sovereign or his friends. Shrewd, cautious, highly intelligent, a keen observer, a quick thinker, he had acquired large ascendancy over the leading minds of the country, and the favor of all parties. Such was he at the demise of Edward the Fourth.

For the assumption of the Protectorate, there appears to be good reason to believe that he was justified by the wishes of his dying brother, and there is no doubt that the sanction of all precedent was in his favor. It is very certain that the nobility of England tacitly acquiesced in it as a matter of course; and the party of the Queen seems to have expected it with equal certainty, as their first efforts were addressed to the business of deceiving Richard by a trick, and defeating him in this object. It is very clear that the family and adherents of Elizabeth Wydville, were neither very wise, nor very modest people; that they had proved themselves grasping and selfish,—had rendered the king unpopular with the nobility—had divided the honors of the kingdom among themselves, and, on the death of Edward, were chiefly busy in finding out modes for the due retention and extension of their power. Their schemes led to their overthrow. Detecting them, Richard, moving with equal firmness and promptness, succeeded in defeating them, and, with the young Princes under wardship, took upon him the duties of the Protectorate. We agree with the author,—after a survey of the necessities of the kingdom, the audacious self-authorized movements of the "Wydvilles," the imbecility of the young Prince, and the general conviction of the nobility that Richard was the person properly entitled to this charge—that this assumption was thoroughly justifiable and legal. And, up to this period, we say with confidence, that, agreeably to the known facts of history, England never had a Prince more thoroughly pure from taint, more truly noble in his practices, or more honorably distinguished in his career, whether as a statesman, or a leader of armies, or mere citizen, than was Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

But the position in which he now found himself, was to try his virtues. He belonged to the most ambitious race that ever lived. The blood of the Plantagenets asserted itself in him, the moment he got within sight of the throne. The crown—

"How sweet it is to wear a crown!"

—dazzled his eyes, and his hand was stretched forth towards it, as we imagine, from the first moment of his ascent into the chair of the protector. The armours of his brother helped his pretensions. The children of Edward the Fourth were declared illegitimate by Act of Parliament. They were so. The truth was revealed, which had been kept carefully secret hitherto, that Edward's marriage with Elizabeth Wydville, had taken place while he was actually the lawfully married husband of another woman. Richard's elevation to the throne was not an usurpation. He was duly elected by a full parliament, with all ceremonial, openly, and with circumstances in his favor, which are either very honorable to him, or very disgraceful to all the nobility and all the clergy of England.

In the case of Buckingham, we learn from this volume, embodying his own confession, that he sufficiently merited his death,—that his insane eyes were fastened upon the crown for himself,—and that he had scarcely helped to fix it on the brows of Richard, before he bargained for it with another. He was a capricious, selfish person, whose aim was to become king-maker, and to exercise, at the least, a power over the kingdom like that of the great Earl of Warwick. And now for the Princes.

It does not appear that they were ever murdered at all. The proof from contemporaries is totally wanting. The hints of our author, drawn from sundry isolated circumstances, which she considers more pregnant with meaning and application to their fate, than ourselves,—go to show that they were spirited out of the kingdom; and she evidently inclines to the opinion that the subsequent pretensions of Perkin Warbeck, were justly founded, and that he was certainly the younger of the two Princes. We cannot pursue the argument which she addresses to this part of her history; that they may have been spirited away, out of the hands of Richard, as she suggests, is highly probable, for the possession of these boys necessarily furnished a rallying point and occasion for all malecontents. That Richard would not have sent written instructions to Brakenbury to do them to death, is very certain,—and that Brakenbury would not have been allowed to hold his place as keeper of the Tower, long after his refusal to obey his sovereign in this respect, is scarcely less certain. Of Sir James Tyrrell, our author tells us that he was as honorable a knight as any of the time—was knighted long before the supposed murder of the Princes, and did good service in the wars of Ireland. His subsequent confession, in the reign of Henry the VII., and under the terrors of death, failed to convict Richard of the offence which it was desirable to establish against him. But, our author is scarcely right in her principles, when, failing to convict Richard of the murder, she asserts his innocence, and claims his discharge. She must not forget that he is not only required to do them no more hurt, but he is required to produce them. He can give no account of them, and is clearly, in the moral law, just as liable, as if he had slain them. This is his accountability now to history. It is his misfortune that, being in possession of the benefits of such a crime, he cannot positively disprove it in his own person. He is in the awkward position of one, assuming his innocence, upon whom rests the burden of the negative.

Richard and his wife seem to have lived happily together. They had one son, afterwards Prince of Wales, whose early death they bitterly lamented. They are supposed to have had other children. She died just before his final overthrow. His mother, of whom he was the favorite, is shown to have always regarded him with affection and respect. Richard's rule, as sovereign, lasted two years—and is acknowledged to have been singularly wise and judicious. His laws are pronounced by so good a judge as Verulam, to have been singularly applicable to the necessities and condition of the kingdom—to have shown great administrative powers, and a superior policy. In battle he was equally brave and judicious. His final defeat was the fruit of treachery. He died, sword in hand, making his way to the very heart of Richmond's army, aiming at his chief enemy, whom, but for the interposition of numbers, he must have slain. As it was, he struck down several of the bravest and strongest of the opposing knights—Sir Wm. Brandon and Sir John Cheney, for example—the latter being of the strongest men of his time. No proof here of an arm withered by witchcraft. He died, covered with wounds, and overthrown by numbers, proving that the virtue of great valor was in his soul, even if it occupied that place alone.

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"DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM."

Oh! give me the girl with the golden locks,  
 And the liquid eye of blue,  
 And the cheek that the rose and lily mocks,  
 With its white and pink-like hue ;  
 For she has a soul that will thrill with love,  
 And burn with its purest flame,  
 Like the fabled heart of the turtle-dove,  
 In joy and in woe the same.

Oh! give me the lass with the tresses dark,  
 And the dreary eyes of jet,  
 On whose glowing cheek you may clearly mark  
 The olive and peach have met ;  
 For love in her soul, with its fiercest blaze,  
 Burns quickly and brightly still,  
 And the ruddy hue of her nut-brown face,  
 Doth the spirit with gladness fill.

Oh! give the maid with the auburn hair,  
 And the eye of hazel dye,  
 On whose marble skin, like the lily fair,  
 The blush still mantles high ;  
 In her pensive soul doubts never dwell,  
 Of the faith of her plighted love ;  
 Though hid be the fount, yet true is the swell  
 Of the streams that gush above.

EL DESTERRADO.

## THE MARION FAMILY.

## NO. I.

"He measured decayed entrenchments, made plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and wrote essays on medals in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend."

*The Antiquary.*

THE "Life of Marion," recently added to American biography, by the Editor of this Journal, and a re-perusal of the delightful romance of old Weems, have induced us to play the antiquary, and led us to the discovery of several mistakes, into which the biographers of General Marion have fallen, in relation to the Marion family, and which, it is due to history, should be rectified. In what follows, great pains have been taken, and much research employed, to arrive at correct and authentic results.

The Rev. Mason L. Weems, the first biographer, and a contemporary of the hero, whose exploits he has so attractively chronicled, and whose history he has so signally embellished, deriving his facts chiefly from Col. Peter Horry, one of the gallant officers of Marion's partisan brigade, thus discourses of his origin and birth:

"One thousand seven hundred and thirty-two was a glorious year for America. It gave birth to two of the noblest thunderbolts of her wars, George Washington and Francis Marion. The latter was born in St. John's Parish, South-Carolina. His father also was a Carolinian, but his grand-father was a Huguenot, or French Protestant, who lived near Rochelle, in the blind and bigoted days of Louis XIV." —p. 7.

The reverend biographer, who, as we have already hinted, was a great romancer, and often drew on his fancy for his facts, then proceeds with a romantic account of the expulsion of the Huguenot Marion and the fair Louisa D'Aubrey, his wife, on account of his religion, from their "beautiful France," to the wilds of America; his purchase and occupation of a plantation on Goosecreek, in this State; his thrift, good husbandry, and happy philosophy in life; his humorous will; and his calm and christian death, leaving a widow, and a large family of sons and daughters, to inherit his virtues, and share his estate;—and adds

"His eldest son, who, after his father, was named Gabriel, married a Miss Charlotte Corde, [Cordes,] by whom he had six children—Esther, Gabriel, Isaac, Benjamin, Job, and our hero Francis, the least as well as the last of the family. As to his sister Esther, I have never heard what became of her; but for his four brothers, I am happy to state, that though not formidable as soldiers, they were very amiable as citizens. They bought farms—proved their oxen—married wives—multiplied good children, and thus, very unlike our niggardly bachelors, contributed a liberal and laudable part to the population, strength and glory of their country. God, I pray heartily, take kind notice of all such; and grant, that having thus done his will in this world, they may partake of his glory in the next." —p. 19.

Judge James, the next biographer of the partisan General, who, together with his father, uncles and other kindred of the same name, served personally under the hero, in the revolutionary war, says

"Francis Marion was born at Winyaw, near Georgetown, South-Carolina, in the year 1732;—memorable for giving birth to many distinguished American patriots. Marion was of French extraction; his grand-father, Gabriel, left France

soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in 1685, on account of his being a Protestant, and retired from persecution to this new world, then a wilderness; no doubt under many distresses and dangers, and with few of the facilities with which emigrants settle new, but rich countries, at the present day. His son, also called Gabriel, was the father of five sons, Isaac, Gabriel, Benjamin, Francis, and Job; and of two daughters, grand-mothers of the families of the Mitchells, of Georgetown, and of the Dwights, formerly of the same place, but now of St. Stephen's Parish."—p. 15.

The Editor of this Journal, naturally relying on, and following those, who were nearest, in point of time, to the well-head of historic truth, in his "Life of Marion," says—

"The family of Marion came from France. They emigrated to South-Carolina somewhere about the year 1685, [according to James it was 1690.] within twenty years after the first British settlement of the Province [1670.]"—p. 12. "*Gabriel Marion*, the grand-father of our subject, was one of those [Huguenots,] who left France in 1685 [1690]. His son, *named after himself*, married *Charlotte Cordes*, by whom he had *seven* children, five of whom were sons and *two* daughters. Francis Marion was the last. He was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, South-Carolina, in 1732; a remarkable year, as, in a sister colony, (we are not able to say how nearly at the same time,) it gave birth to George Washington."—p. 25.

The discrepancies between these writers are:

1. As to General Marion's birth-place. Weems gives the honor to St. John's Parish, Berkley County; James, and Simms, following him, bestow it on Winyaw, near Georgetown.\*

\* Ramsay, in his "History of South-Carolina," p. 400, says—"Gen. Francis Marion was born at Winyaw, in 1733. His grand-father was a native of Languedoc, and one of the many protestants who fled from France to Carolina, to avoid persecution on account of religion. He left thirteen children, the eldest of whom was the father of the General." Our historian makes no less than four mistakes in this short passage. Gen. Marion was born in 1732, not 1733. His father was the eldest son, not the eldest child of the Huguenot, his daughter Esther having been his first born. The Huguenot left eleven, not thirteen children, viz. six sons and five daughters. He names, in his will, eleven children, and two grand-children; and hence, probably, Ramsay's error. He was not a native of Languedoc, nor of Rochelle, as might be inferred from Weems, but of the village of Chaume in Poitou. Languedoc was a Province on the Mediterranean; Poitou on the Atlantic; and Rochelle a sea-port in the Province of Aunis, adjoining Poitou and south of it.

In the appendix to the edition of "Lee's Memoirs," prepared by the son of that accomplished commander of the Legion Infantry, in this State, during the revolutionary war, we have the following information as to Gabriel Marion and his family.

"Francis Marion, Colonel in the regular service and Brigadier in the Militia of South-Carolina, was born at his father's plantation, in the vicinity of Georgetown, South-Carolina, in the year 1733 [1732, according to the biographers]. His ancestors were Huguenots, and fled from France to British America, upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

"They settled on Cooper River, [Goosecreek, one of its tributaries,] near Charleston, from whence the father of Gen. Marion moved to the neighborhood of Georgetown, where he resided during his life, occupied in the culture of his plantation.

"He had five sons, of whom Francis was the youngest, who, with his brothers, received only a common country education. As his three eldest children arrived at the age of manhood, they successively obtained a portion of their father's property; after which the old gentleman became embarrassed in his affairs, and was, in consequence, deprived of the means of extending similar aid to his two youngest sons. They had to depend on their own exertions for support and comfort."

James was probably right and Weems wrong, in this particular. The former thus accounts for Gen. Marion's connexion with St. John's.

"Mr. Henry Ravenel, of Pineville, [rather of St. John's,] now more than 70 years of age, knew him in the year 1758. He had then lost his father, and, removing with his mother,\* and brother Gabriel from Georgetown, they settled for one year near Frierson's lock, on the present Santee Canal. The next year Gabriel removed to Belle Isle, in St. Stephen's Parish, late the residence of the Hon. Robert Marion, [former member of Congress from Charleston District]. Francis settled himself in St. John's, at a place called Pond Bluff, from the circumstance of their being a pond at the bottom of a bluff, fronting the river low grounds. This place is situated about four miles below Eutaw, on the Santee; and he continued to hold it during his life.†"

2. As to Gen. Marion's *sisters*. Weems says he had but one sister, named Esther, but he had never heard what became of her. James

The precise time when Gabriel Marion, the father of the General, settled in or near Georgetown, we have not been able to fix. He was living in St. John's, Berkley, when he married Esther Cordes, (which was between 1711 and 1716,) and, in December, 1718, when the will of James Cordes, his wife's uncle, of which he was executor, was dated, and proved. The earliest trace we have of him in Georgetown is in a deed, from him and wife to Joseph Dubourdieu, dated Feb. 21, 1744, of 500 acres of land in Craven county, viz. 200 acres granted to Percival Pawley, July 3, 1711, left by his will to his daughter Susannah Pawley, afterwards wife of Mathew Drake, and by Drake and wife conveyed to Gabriel Marion, March 30, 1742; and 300 acres granted to Thos. Cordes, Feb. 14, 1735, and by him conveyed to Gabriel Marion, Jan. 17, 1740. The latest trace of him there is in a mortgage of negroes, from him to John Allston and Benjamin Marion, his wife's trustees, dated April 8, 1747, to secure a bond for £1500.

Isaac Marion, his brother, was in Georgetown at least as early as 1742; for, on the 5th June, 1742, William Allston, his father-in-law, made him a deed of 500 acres of land, on Waccamaw River, in Craven county. On the 17th Dec., 1745, Isaac Marion mortgaged this tract of land to Paul Trapier, Benjamin Romsey and Gabriel Marion, of Georgetown, merchants; and Gabriel Marion, jr., was one of the witnesses to the mortgage. On the 23d February, 1750, he executed to Paul Trapier a power of attorney to sell it. On the 21st June, 1751, Paul Trapier, as attorney of Isaac Marion, conveyed it to Gabriel Marion, son of Gabriel. On the 30th May, 1775, Gabriel Marion, of St. Stephen's, (son of Gabriel,) conveyed it to Plowden Weston.

On the 3d October, 1752, Rawlins Lowndes, Provost Marshal, conveyed to Gabriel Marion, (son of Gabriel,) a lot in Georgetown, No. 82 Prince's street, 100 feet by 117 feet, 2 inches, sold under judgment and execution of John Cordes vs. Wm. Ford. On the 28th Oct. 1772, Gabriel Marion, of St. Stephen's, and Catharine his wife, (she renouncing dower,) conveyed the same lot to Job Marion. This lot is now the property of E. Waterman, Esq., of Georgetown, who purchased it from Moses Tuttle. In Dec. 1745, Gabriel Marion's son, Gabriel, signing as Gabriel Marion, jr., was a witness to the above mentioned mortgage of Isaac Marion; in June, 1751, Paul Trapier conveyed the mortgaged tract to Gabriel Marion, son of Gabriel, without adding "junior;" and our conclusion is that Gabriel Marion, the elder, died in or previous to 1751.

\* If he removed with his mother, it must have been previous to 1758, as her will was dated Oct. 7th, 1757, and proved Jan. 28th, 1758, between which dates she must have died. Her will was witnessed by the very Henry Ravenel, of St. John's, mentioned by James, and she must have resided in St. John's, when it was made. The muster roll of the old St. John's Company shews that Gabriel and Francis Marion "listed" Jan. 31st, 1756. This last fact came to our knowledge after the text, and the first part of this note was written.

† Pond Bluff passed, under the will of Gen. Marion's widow, to the late Keating Lewis Simons, of Charleston, and is now owned by his family. The original dwelling house was standing, until within a few years, when it was pulled down, and a new mansion erected on a different but neighboring site.

speaks of *two sisters*, naming neither, but adding that they were "the grand-mothers of the Mitchells of Georgetown, and the Dwights, formerly of the same place, but now of St. Stephen's Parish."

The editor of this journal, in a note to his account of Gen. Marion's birth and family connexions, thus very naturally, although erroneously, inclines the scale in favor of James.

"Weems speaks of six children only, naming all the sons and one of the daughters. Of her, he frankly says—'I have never heard what became, &c.'" James tells us of two daughters, not naming either, but describing them as 'grand-mothers of the families of the Mitchells of Georgetown, and of the Dwights, formerly of the same place, but now of St. Stephen's Parish.' Such particularity might be presumed to settle the question."

"Such particularity" has indeed "settled the question"—but it has settled it directly against James, and in favor of Weems. By it we have been enabled to detect James' error, and confirm Weems' accuracy. Gen. Marion had but one sister, and her name, as Weems records, was Esther. She intermarried first with John Allston, and then with Thomas Mitchell, both of Georgetown, and was the ancestress, among others, of the late Hon. Thomas Rothmahler Mitchell, former member of Congress, from the Georgetown or Pee Dee District, and of Nelson Mitchell, Esq., now of Charleston.\*

The Dwights of St. Stephen's, or rather of St. John's, (descendants, in the paternal line, of the original English emigrant, from whom descended President Timothy Dwight, D. D., of Yale College, and the other Dwights of New England,) were descendants, in the maternal line, of a brother, not a sister, of Gen. Marion. Their ancestor was Isaac Marion, the eldest brother of Gen. Marion. He intermarried with Rebecca Allston, (born May 12, 1722,) daughter of William Allston, of Georgetown, the Rev. John Fordyce, Rector of Prince Frederick's, who occasionally officiated in Prince George's, performing the nuptial rite. He died and was buried at Georgetown, May 31st, 1781. His wife, Mrs. Rebecca Marion, survived him, and died at Georgetown in April, 1790. They had two children, Isaac and Rebecca. Isaac died a child, and Rebecca intermarried with Samuel Dwight, son of the Rev. Daniel Dwight,\* Rector of the Parish of St. John's, Berkley, on the 29th March, 1767, the Rev. Offspring Pearce, Rector of Prince George's Parish, Winyaw, performing the marriage ceremony—and hence the family of Dwights in this State. These facts are derived chiefly from a family record, now in the possession of Isaac Marion Dwight, formerly of St. John's Berkley,

\* The Rev. Daniel Dwight was appointed Rector of the Parish of St. John's, Berkley, in 1729. He was ordained Deacon, March 25th, 1729, by Dr. Waugh, Bishop of Carlisle, and Priest, by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, June 1st, 1729. He intermarried with Christiana Broughton, and died March 28th, 1748. He was buried at Strawberry Chapel, where his tombstone bears the following inscription.

"Here lieth the body of the Rev. Mr. Daniel Dwight, A. M., late Rector of the Parish of St. John's, who departed this life in peace, 28th of March, 1748, and died in safe communion of the Church of England in which he lived, constantly endeavoring to recommend its constitution to all who were either disaffected, or strangers to it."



but now of St. George's Dorchester, who bears the nomen and cognomen of his great-grand-father, Isaac Marion.

The other mistakes into which the biographers of Marion have fallen, besides those already noticed, are:

1. As to Gen. Marion's grand-father. All of the General's biographers concur in stating that his grand father, the original Huguenot emigrant, bore the name of Gabriel. It was not so. The name of the progenitor, from whose loins sprang the celebrated partisan warrior—the renowned "Swamp Fox of the South,"—was not Gabriel, but Benjamin. This point is ascertained beyond controversy, by reference to the original will of the original Marion of South-Carolina, filed in the office of the Secretary of State, at Charleston. It is quite a curious document, written in badly spelt, and perhaps Provincial French, and signed B. Marion. The whole will is in the bold and manly hand-writing of the testator, and his surname is written thus—"MARION." The seal is of red sealing wax, in good preservation, and bears the impress of the testator's initials in a cipher. Weems undertakes to give the contents of this testament, but, as not unusual with him, romances about and even caricatures it famously, boldly sacrificing truth to humour and antithesis. It is dated January 13th, 1734, and proved May 2d, 1735; between which dates the testator must have died.

If confirmation be needed on this point, it may be had from two authentic sources. Dalcho, in his *History of the Church, in South-Carolina*, p. 23, recording the arrival of certain emigrants, at Charleston, says—

"Benjamin Waring, Isaac Mazyck, and John Postell arrived in 1693; Benjamin Marion, Daniel Huger and family, in 1694; William Fuller and family, Gabriel Manigault and Thomas Farr, in 1695."

The other authority is a rare old document, dear to the Antiquarian—on the like of which Mr. Jonathan Oldenbuck would have revelled with delight—now in the possession of Daniel Ravenel, Esq., of Charleston, containing a list of Huguenot emigrants, made with a view to naturalization, between May 17, 1694, and September 27, 1695,\* and probably in express reference to the Act of the General Assembly of the Colony or Province of South-Carolina, passed March 10, 1696-7, entitled "An Act for the making aliens free of this part of the Province, and for granting liberty of conscience to all Protestants." In this list, the names of Benjamin Marion and his family are included. This ancient record will be referred to more particularly in the sequel.

2. As to the wife of the Huguenot emigrant. Weems, in a romantic whim, dubs her "the beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle Louisa D'Aubrey," a young Roman Catholic lady, whose love Ma-

\* The date of this record is thus ascertained. It contains the name of a child, named Marianne Mazyck, who was born in Carolina, May 17, 1694, and is recorded, in the Mazyck family Bible, to have died on the 27th September, 1695, and was buried in the cemetery of the French Protestant Church, corner of Church and Queen streets. She was the daughter of Isaac Mazyck, the original emigrant of that name, and Marianne Le Serrurier his wife.

riou had won, and whom love for him had won to make his God her God, and his people her people; and who, lovingly and cheerfully, became the companion and solace of his exile. He precedes the account of their departure from France, with quite a dramatic scene, in the way of dialogue, of Marion's disclosure to his bride of the pressing necessity for his flight to the western wilderness, and of the ready and fond devotion with which she resolved to do "All for love," and deem "The world well lost." "Ah! can you, Louisa," said he, "leave father, mother, and follow a poor banished husband, like me?" "Yes, yes, father, mother, and all the world, will I leave for thee, Marion," was the young wife's response, her mouth speaking out of the abundance of her heart. Our biographer gave the reins to his fancy in all this—he was wrong in the christian name of the husband—he invented (as we shall see) both names for the wife—and the rest of the narrative is at least apocryphal.

The name of Benjamin Marion's wife was not Louisa D'Aubrey, as imagined by Weems—she bore no such sentimental or aristocratic appellations—but rejoiced in the humbler title of Judith Baluet. This we learn from the old document in Mr. Ravenel's possession. This is the record:

"Benjamin Marion, né a la Chaume en Poitou, fils de Jean Marion, et de Perrinne Battignon [or Battagnon].

"Judith Baluet, sa femme.

"Ester, Gabrielle, et Benjamin, leur enfans, nez en Caroline."

"Benjamin Marion, born at Chaume in Poitou, son of John Marion, and of Perrinne Battignon [or Battagnon]."

"Judith Baluet, his wife.

"Esther, Gabriel and Benjamin, their children, born in Carolina."

The young couple came to this country, without children, in 1690, but had three born before September 27th, 1695; between which time and the 17th May, 1694, their names, and those of their three children, born in Carolina, were registered for naturalization, on the list in Mr. Ravenel's possession. Dalcho must, therefore, have been wrong, in saying that Benjamin Marion arrived here in 1694, for that would give them scarce a year for the birth of three children. At the time of Benjamin Marion's death, he had a much more numerous family. As collected from his will, it consisted of his widow, affectionately mentioned, but not by name; his sons Gabriel, Jean (John,) Benjamin, Paul, Jacques (James,) and Pierre (Peter); his daughters, Gignilleat (christian name not given, but doubtless Esther,) Marie (Mary,) Ane (Anne,) Elissabeth (Elizabeth,) and Judic (Judith); and his grand-daughters, Ester (Esther) Gignilleat and Nensy (Nancy). His widow and son Pierre are named executrix and executor, (his widow if she should not marry again)—and his son Jacques, the youngest child, was also named executor when he should become of age. The witnesses to the will were Peter Guerin, James Sanders, and Daniel Galiot. In it he mentions his plantation at *Gooskric* (Goosecreek), and his lands at *Wesmesaw* (Wasmasaw).\*

\* The will devises to his sons Peter and James, after the death of his wife, all his lands in Goosecreek, and the hundred acres at Wasmasaw, which constituted,

It is very probable, but yet in some measure conjectural, that Benjamin Marion lost his first, and sought consolation in a second and a younger wife. The inference, or conjecture is predicated of the following facts. Migrating with his wife in 1690, and dying in 1735, an interval of forty-five years, Benjamin Marion could not have been far short of three score years and ten, when he ended his earthly pilgrimage, and his wife Judith, if then alive, must have been nearly of the same age; yet, in his will, we find him, although the father of eleven children and numerous grand-children, jealously prohibiting, or at least strongly dissuading his wife from a second marriage, as if he were regarding her rather as a spruce young widow, likely to have as many wooers as Penelope, than as a sober and aged grandame, who would never dream of another husband. The following is the curious and amusing passage of his will on this subject:

"A lesgard de machere femme Je luy donne papa Gigny et ses deux dernier enfans, savoir Jeac et Lissette a en disposer selon son plesir. Mais voissy une

we presume, the testator's original plantation or plantations. Peter, who was to have the choice of the two plantations, took the one of 220 acres—James took the other of 205 acres. Peter died intestate, and without issue; and James bought Peter's tract, Nov. 24, 1747, at a sale, made by Rawlins Lowndes, Provost Marshal, under executions against James, as administrator of Peter, at the suits of Benjamin Godin and William Yeomans. James thus reunited the two tracts. We learn, by a mortgage of the entire tract of 425 acres, from James Marion to Alexander Garden, Rector of the Parish of St. Philip, and Henry Izard, of St. James', Goosecreek, attornies of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, dated November 29th, 1747, that it was situated at the head of a creek formerly called Yeomans', but then Goosecreek, and consisted (1) of 220 acres, granted March 23th, 1694, by the Lords Proprietors to Isaac Fleury, and by him conveyed by feoffment to Benjamin Marion, February 22d, 1722; bounded south on land formerly of John Moore, west on land of R. Adams, east on land of Ralph Izard, Esq., north on land not laid out at the time of passing the grants—(2) of 105 acres, part of 230 acres (run out by John Berringer, and by divers mesne conveyances vested in John Gibbes, of Berkley county, and by him, conveyed, by lease and release, April 4 and 5, 1720, to Benjamin Marion) of which all but 105 acres had been conveyed by Benjamin Marion to Ralph Izard; bounded north by land of John Gibbes, northwest by land of Peter Bacotte, southeast on land of Ralph Izard, and southwest on land of Benjamin Marion—(3) of 100 acres, granted to Benjamin Marion, March 14th, 1704; bounded east by land of Ralph Izard, north on land of Ralph Izard, and land laid out to John Berringer, and west on lands of Benjamin Marion and Francis Garing. On the 21st of September, 1751, James Marion and Mary, his wife, (she renouncing dower,) conveyed the tract to Rawlins Lowndes. We have not been able to trace it with certainty to its present possessor. All that we have ascertained is that it was the Southern boundary of Crowfield, formerly the property of Rawlins Lowndes, (by whom on 16th March, 1784, it was conveyed to John Middleton,) but now of Mrs. Middleton Smith, and that it either borders on or forms a part of "The Elms," formerly the country seat of the Izards, in St. James', Goosecreek, and now owned by Dr. E. Geddings, of Charleston. We have not been able to find on record any conveyance of the tract from Rawlins Lowndes; but, on examining Dr. Geddings map of Crowfield, made by Joseph Purcell, from surveys in 1799, we find land designated as recently conveyed to the Izards, by Rawlins Lowndes, just in the spot South of Crowfield, that we would locate the original Marion tract.

The records do not extend far enough back to enable us to establish the date of any earlier grant, or conveyance of land to Benjamin Marion, than that of 100 acres on the 14th March, 1704, at which time he had been about fourteen years in the country.

rude article, et ne puis men disposer; sait que si ma femme venoit a se marier quil faut quelle sorte avec ce que je luy ait donnée, ses chevaux et son menage; ne seroit il pas chose injuste qun aitrenger viendroit dissiper le bien quil na point gagne? Mais jay millieure opinion de ma femme et je croy quelle de murera veuve vertueue gouverner sa famiellie en la crainte de dieu come elle a tous-jours fait. Si elle fait sela come je l'espere, je la consitu Exequitrice administratrice, avec mon fils Pierre, et mon fils Jacque, lors quil sera en age. De plus, je donne a ma femme tout les agneaux, et veaux et autre viande, qui se vendra au boucher pour avoir ses petite comodite. Sur toute choses, mon chere fils Pierre, je vous ordonne, de ne lesser menquer, ni vos seurs selon leurs condission, ni vostre chere mere, qui vous a elleve avec une si grand douleurs. Si vous le fait, le Seigneur vous en benira, et ores une bonne reputation en se monde, et, si vous le faite pas, les petits corbeaux du desser vienderons vous aracher les yeux.\*

"With regard to my dear wife, I give her papa Jenny, and her two last children Isaac and Lizette, to dispose of according to her pleasure. But here is a nice point, and I must out with it; namely, that if my wife should marry again, she must depart with what I have given her, her horses and her furniture; would it not be an unjust thing that a stranger should squander the goods which he had not acquired? But I have a better opinion of my wife, and I believe that she will live a virtuous widow, governing her family in the fear of God, as she has always done. If she does so, as I hope, I appoint her my administrative Executrix, with my son Peter, and my son James, when he shall be of age. Moreover, I give to my wife all the lambs and calves, and (autre viande) other live stock, (Weems translates 'pigs and poultry,') which she may sell to the butcher to have her little conveniences. Above all things my son Peter, I direct you, never to let your sisters want any thing according to their condition, nor your dear mother, who has reared you with such great solicitude. If you do so, the Lord will bless you, and you will have a good reputation in this world, and if you do not, the young ravens of the desert will come and pick out your eyes."†

The other facts, on which we rest our conjecture, are that Benjamin Marion, in his will, bequeaths to his wife three negroes, namely *papa* Gigny, (styled in the inventory of his estate "*papy* Jeinny," to distinguish her from another called "*surga* Jenny,") and her two last children Isaac and Lizette; that there is no will or administration on record of Judith Marion, widow; that Mary Marion, widow, died intestate, in 1750, fifteen years after Benjamin Marion's death, and administration of her estate was granted to Benjamin Marion, the last surviving son of the original Benjamin; that there is no other Marion to be traced, but the original Benjamin, of whom she could have been the widow; and finally, and, we think conclusively, that the only negroes, mentioned in the inventory of her estate, are "one old negro woman named Jenny, £10," and "one negro woman named Lizette, £200," corresponding in names and sex with two of the three left by the original Benjamin Marion to his wife. What the maiden name of this lady was, we have not been able to ascertain.

3. As to general Marion's mother. All his biographers concur in saying that her maiden name was "Cordes"—two of them give her christian name as Charlotte. Weems styles her Charlotte Corde—James simply gives her maiden name as Cordes—and the editor of this journal, following Weems, but correcting his orthography, names her Charlotte Cordes. So prevalent, too, was this impression, that it perva-

\* This is printed from the original *verbatim et literalim*.

† The pious testator here had in view Proverbs, chapter xxx. v. 17—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

ded even a portion of the Marion family. We have before us an extract of a letter, written in 1835, by Mrs. Sarah Cutler, of New-York, a niece of General Marion, (by his sister Esther,) then in her seventy-fifth year, giving an account of the Marion family, which says—"our grand-father, Gabriel Marion, married Charlotte Cordes, our respected grandmother, by whom he had five sons and one daughter. The first born was named Isaac, the second son Gabriel, the third son Benjamin—the fourth son Job, the fifth son Francis, and my dear mother, Esther Marion, their only daughter." The public records shew that an error has been committed as to the Christian name of the mother of Marion; and that her name was not Charlotte, but Esther Cordes. The manner in which we were led to this discovery, first groping in the dark, then rising from doubt to probable conjecture, and ultimately attaining absolute certainty, proved so interesting to us, that we venture to give it, link by link, in the hope that it may prove of equal interest to our readers, and that no Gaberlunzie critic—no Edie Ochiltree—will be found to chuckle aloud, or even laugh in his sleeve at our antiquarian zeal.

We proceed then to "Search No. I." First we explored the office of Secretary of State, diving into musty tomes and unfolding worm-eaten documents, almost ready to crumble at the touch, in the hope of ferretting out the will or administration of the estate of Gabriel Marion, the father of the General, and thus getting a clue to his widow's name; but our efforts proved fruitless—neither will nor administration was to be found. Next we had recourse to the office of the Register of Mesne Conveyances, and there exhumed from the dust of years an ancient deed, from Gabriel Marion and wife, of Georgetown, to Joseph Dubourdieu, of the same place, dated February 21, 1744, conveying to the latter 500 acres of land, in Craven county; and to the renunciation of dower attached to the said deed, the name of the lady is signed "Esther Marion." Returning to the office of Secretary of State, we found the original will of this lady, bearing date October 7, 1757, and proved January 28, 1758, by *dedimus potestatem*, before John Pamor.\* The witnesses of its execution were Henry Ravenel [the old gentleman with whom Weems conversed] and Daniel Ravenel. In the will†

\* This was the ancestor of the Palmer family of St. Stephen's and St. John's. He always wrote his own name "Pamor"—but told his children that the spelling of the name had been corrupted, and directed them to write it "Palmer," which was the correct orthography. His will, dated May 4, 1782, and proved Feb. 4, 1785, is signed "John Pamor," but, in it, all his children are styled "Palmer."

† The following is the entire will of the mother of Marion:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN! I, Esther Marion, widow, of Berkley county, in the Province of South Carolina, being of sound mind, and calling to mind the uncertainty of this life, and that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make, ordain, constitute, and appoint this to be my last will and testament, in the manner and form following, to wit: I recommend my soul to Almighty God that gave it, and my body to be buried in a christian like manner at the discretion of my executors, hereinafter named; then tis my will and desire that all my just debts be satisfied and paid. Item: I give and bequeath to my son Isaac Marion five pounds, current money of South-Carolina, to him and to his heirs forever. Item: I give and bequeath to my son Benjamin Marion five pounds, current money of South-Carolina, to him and to his heirs forever. Item: I give and bequeath to my daughter Esther Mitchell, now wife of Thomas Mitchell, five pounds, current

she mentions her sons Isaac, Benjamin, Gabriel, Job and Francis; and her daughter Esther, wife of Thomas Mitchell; and her grand-daughter Martha Allston, daughter of Esther Mitchell, (by her first husband\*). Our labors having thus far been rewarded with complete success, in establishing that the christian name of the lady was Esther and not Charlotte; it next became our object to test the accuracy of the biographers in assigning her the maiden name of Cordes. Here again we were entirely at sea, without chart or compass; and again we had recourse to that Eldorado of antiquarians, the Secretary's office. Assuming Cordes to be the right name, we entered upon "Search No. 2," and hunted up the will of Anthony Cordes, of Berkeley County, physician, the original Huguenot emigrant of that name, written, like that of Benjamin Marion, in the French language. It bears date Jan. 26, and was proved Feb. 2, 1711-12; and in it are mentioned his children, Isaac, Thomas, James, Francis, Magdalen, *Esther* and Ann; and his brother James Cordes, Rene Ravenel, Paul Peter LeBas, and Peter de St. Julien were appointed executors, the first named of whom qualified on the will. At this stage then we had established that there had been a maiden named Esther Cordes—it remained still to be proved that she had been converted into the wife Esther Marion. Our next step was to "Search No. 3," and we were rewarded with another prize in the will of James Cordes, brother and executor of Anthony Cordes. It is dated Feb. 18, 1716, and proved Dec. 4, 1718. It bequeaths legacies to all the children (by name,) of his deceased brother, except Magdalen and Esther, (who are omitted,) styling them (as was the wont of uncles and aunts, in those olden times, to call nephews and nieces,) his cousins. Magdalen, we assume to have been dead at that time, and thence the omission of her name—Esther was omitted (as we shall see,) for a matrimonial reason. The testator goes on and bequeaths a legacy to his cousin Gabriel Marion—substituting, as we inferred, his cousin or nephew by marriage,

money of South-Carolina, to her and to her heirs forever. Item: I give and bequeath to my son Gabriel Marion five pounds, current money of South-Carolina, to him and to his heirs forever. Item: I give and bequeath to my grand-daughter Martha Allston, daughter of Esther Mitchell above mentioned, all my wearing apparel, and gold mourning ring, to her and her heirs forever. Item: I give and bequeath to my two sons, Job and Francis Marion's, the remainder of all my goods and chattels, to be equally divided between them, to them and their heirs forever. Lastly, I do nominate, constitute, and appoint my two beloved sons, Job and Francis Marion's, sole executors of this my last will and testament, and do hereby revoke and disannul and make void all former will or wills heretofore made by me. In witness hereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this seventh day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven.

ESTHER MARION. [SEAL.]

Signed, sealed and pronounced, in the presence of us, { HENRY RAVENEL,  
DANIEL RAVENEL.

Proved by virtue of a *Dedimus Potestatem*, directed by his Excellency William Henry Lytleton, Esq., to John Pamor, Esq., 20th January, 1758—at the same time qualified Job Marion executor to the said will.

\* We have been informed that Weems, subsequently to the publication of his book, visited Georgetown, and pains were taken to shew him the descendants of the sister of Gen. Marion, of whom he had said, "he had never heard what became of her."

for his cousin or niece by kindred—and names “his loving friends,” Benjamin Marion, the emigrant, and his son Gabriel Marion, executors of his will, and also of the wills of his brother Anthony, and his own wife Jane. Here we paused, for a while, on the very probable conjecture that the maiden, Esther Cordes, had become the wife, Esther Marion, and considered our problem sufficiently worked out. A yet more persevering search—“Search No. 4”—brought us, however, to absolute demonstration. We subsequently discovered in the Secretary's office an ancient deed from Isaac Cordes, James Singellton and Peter Simons, executors of Francis Cordes, dated March 23, 1747, reciting that Francis Cordes, by his will dated Dec. 25, 1742, and proved Feb. 28, 1743, had directed that if the child, of whom his wife was enceinte, should die before arriving at the age of 21 years, that then one half of his estate should go to his wife, and the other half to his executors, to be disposed of by them in behalf of such of his relations, as they should judge to stand most in need; that the child died before attaining majority; and that Esther Marion, wife of Gabriel Marion, and sister of testator, was in necessitous circumstances; and accordingly conveying to John Allston, Jr., and Benjamin Marion, of Craven County, £1500, in trust for the said Esther Marion, during her life, and for such of her children, after her death, as she might, by will, direct. This was the crown of our toils, and enabled us to close our problem with the significant initials Q. E. D.

4. As to the body servant of the General, who attended him in the wars. The biographers give him the romantic or heroic name of Oscar; but we have ascertained from several persons now living, who well knew the faithful slave, that he bore the humbler name of Buddy. If confirmation of this fact be needed, it may be found in the original inventory of Gen. Marion's estate, filed in the office of the Secretary of State, at the head of which, as if by way of precedence over all the other slaves of the testator, stands recorded the name of “Buddy,” and in which no Oscar is to be found. Buddy is an historical personage—the art of painting, too, has embalmed and immortalized him, as he figures prominently in Mr. J. B. White's fine picture of Marion inviting the British officer to dine on sweet potatoes—and it is but right that he should go down to posterity with his true name. His mother, Chloe, died within fifteen years past, supposed to be about one hundred years old; and his sister Phæbe is yet living, in extreme old age, in St. John's, Berkley, on the plantation of the widow of the late Francis Marion, grand-nephew, and adopted son of the General, to whom all the negroes of the General, including Chloe, *Buddy*, and Phæbe, passed after the death of his widow. What is the precise number of the days of the years of the pilgrimage of Phæbe is not known, but her daughter, Peggy, is now in her seventy-third year; and the old woman and her descendants now number five generations.



## EDITORIAL BUREAU.

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THIERS'S CONSULATE AND EMPIRE UNDER NAPOLEON. CAREY & HART. 1845.

We are in the receipt of the first number of this new work, from the press of CAREY & HART. The Histories of the French Revolution, by the same author, is already in possession of the public. The well known resources of M. THIERS, his acknowledged tact and industry, and the honesty and discrimination of his intellect, are likely to place that work far before all others in public estimation, to supersede all others, and, if possible, to prevent any further additions to the thousand and one cumbrous volumes devoted to this fruitful subject. Whether this history of the Consulate and Empire, under Napoleon, will be equally fortunate, to author and public, is a question, which, we are already half inclined to think, may be answered safely in the affirmative. The first number, which is now before us, is full of encouragement. It will be read with especial interest, as it displays, elaborately, in detail, the several steps taken by the First Consul in restoring internal quiet to the Empire in reorganizing the government, pacifying *La Vendée*, and subduing, to harmonious co-operation, the tumultuous heads of the several factions by which society had just before been rent to its foundations. The wonderfully strong will, the keen foresight, the present judgment, the comprehensive thought of the great ruler, as full of wisdom as of energy, may all be read in the first chapter of this publication. The narrative is equally clear, copious, and conclusive,—probably as little distinguished by the author's bias and prejudice, as any narrative, the work of human hands, can well be. This translation is made by D. F. CAMPBELL, and H. W. HERBERT. Of Mr. CAMPBELL we know nothing. Mr. HERBERT is well prepared by education, and talent, for any portion of the task which may be allotted him. His knowledge of the French is unquestionable, and he possesses a rare and copious command of the English. The notes from his pen, illustrative of the text in the present number, prove his extensive reading and familiarity with the subject matter in all its relations. The style is clear and forcible, and well adapted to that of M. THIERS, which, without being either bold or figurative, is clear, manly and direct. The work is well printed, and the issue before us accompanied by a fine and well engraved portrait of NAPOLEON.

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JAMAICA : Its Past and Present State. By JAMES M. PHILIPPO.

As a history of the past, this work is valueless; as it professes to illustrate the present, it is offensive. Mr. PHILIPPO is an abolitionist who sees nothing, knows nothing, hears nothing, believes nothing, but what makes in favor of his particular theory and objects. He has that obliquity of moral and vision which distinguishes all his class—a fanatical insensibility to the claims of the white man, to the worthlessness and incompetency of the black, as a free agent in civilized relations; and, in short, to all truth whatsoever, which might lessen his zeal in

the task which he has undertaken, or tend to diminish the amount of subscription which he seeks in promoting his favorite objects. The white man is always wrong, always dishonest, always brutal—he gives some of the most monstrous details, all of which he believes, to prove this character;—the negro always gentle, and meek, and well doing and virtuous—innocent as the angels,—and you wonder, indeed, not only that he is not instantly withdrawn to heaven, but that he was ever suffered to depart from Eden. The author is one of those miserably blind guides who are but too apt to destroy those whom they befriend. His book will give pleasure only to those, who, in their hatred of the South, will take a lie to their bosoms, and nurse it there, in spite of all the corruption which it engenders.

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ARNOLD'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE. APPLETONS. 1845.

WE rise from the perusal of this memoir, and of the correspondence which accompanies it, with an increased conviction of the great loss which modern literature has sustained in the premature death of this distinguished historian and moralist. Dr. THOMAS ARNOLD was late head master of Rugby school, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. As a teacher he was vastly beyond the time, raised Rugby into a school of the highest benefit and importance, and enlarged the province of education, as it belongs to the teacher; as he compassed the morals and affections of his pupils quite as earnestly in his objects and exercises, as he did their mere intellects. He rightly seems to have considered the sensibilities and affections of his pupils as a vital part, and necessary to the just development of their intellects. This volume, by the way, should be in the hands of all teachers of the young. It will afford them new and necessary lessons. They will see how little was this excellent model disposed to regard the student as a mere machine of memory, and yet how flexible he made him, recognizing him as a being of thought, perception, consciousness and nice sensibility. As a moralist, and religious professor, Dr. ARNOLD was equally devoted and profound. That he was a sincere christian, cannot be questioned after the perusal of this memoir; of his sectarian bias, and antipathies, we can say nothing here. It is as a historian, however, that he is chiefly known in America. His lectures on modern history have undergone publication among us, but in an edition so wretched, as in all probability to have led to its disparagement among the better class of readers. We commend to the publishers of the present volume, the re-publication of this work, and of his various moral and literary miscellanies, as they severally appear in Europe.

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THE CASE OF BISHOP ONERDONK.

THE publication of this volume is a crime against society. The details are quite as dirty as they are dull, and could have been published only that they might minister to the most prurient of all loathsome appetites. No father, no husband, no brother, who regards considerably the well being and innocence of his wife, his daughters, or his sisters, can possibly suffer this book to pass his threshold. We do not scruple to say, that it is quite as offensive as most of the publications of such French novelists as we have been accustomed to repudiate.

That Bishop ONDERDONK was criminal there can be little question. We regard all the pretexts and pretences of those who would suppose the whole charge against him a lie, as the fruit of a perverse, if not a wilful resolution, not to believe any evidence which makes against a bias. That the Church owed his punishment to her own safety is certain for two reasons;—not only because of the first imperative duty of visiting justice upon the head of demerit, but because of a due consideration of her own safety. The Church herself is in peril. The number of these offences, and the particular class of offenders, is startling to society; and when we find them, as we have done within the last twelve months—confessing themselves even in the public prints—confessing that they have passed from the brothel to the communion table—it is high time to seize upon and to sacrifice some conspicuous offenders. In proportion to the vastness and sacredness of the trusts, should be the promptness, the certainty, and the severity of the punishment, for their abuse. Society will be content with nothing less! Nothing less will save the ministry from contempt and utter repudiation! Like the wife of CÆSAR, they must be not only innocent, but free from any acts which incur suspicion. They have done well in deposing this gross and sensual offender, whose profligacy seems to have been as cool and reckless as it was prurient. But they have not done well in consenting to the publication of this volume. They were tacitly pledged to the females giving testimony, that their testimony should have been withheld from the vulgar bruit. It answered no good purpose to publish it. The decree had gone forth, the case was at an end, the criminal was punished, and to assume the responsibility of that punishment, with a fair and conscientious spirit, that looked to Heaven rather than to man for the results, was the duty of a noble christian ministry. Once more, we say, the publication of this book is a crime against society.

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THE CRIMES! A GOBLIN STORY. BY DICKENS.

WITH a very good moral, and a wholesome object in view, we see but small literary merit in this christmas *brochure* of Mr. DICKENS. It is benevolent in its design. It gives a painful picture of the privations and sufferings of the poor, and of the blindness, the insensibility and the corruptions of the rich; but this is all. As a story, the plot is worthless; and the fancy and imagination are wholly borrowed from time-out-of-mind old German fantasies. That it may do good is very possible. That it may prompt some drowsy nature to draw forth the reluctant shilling, and quiet the importunate beggar may be granted;—though we half doubt even this. The truth is, that Mr. DICKENS has such a child's trick of exaggerating all his crimes, and wrongs, and miseries, that we are apt to question even the small degree of truth which enters into his description. If he were more certain in the likeness, he would be more successful. We can believe in the hardhearted of his purse-proud citizens, but he makes them too silly and too inflated, not to leave us in constant doubt of their personality and identity. That cruelty to man, and indifference to the claims of humanity, should yet mix with the pretension that insists upon its benevolence, is very probable; but that both of these traits should be in such excess as he represents them in the same person, is neither true nor probable. The worldling, it must be remembered, is quite as much a worldling in his prudence, (we call it so for want of a better name,) as in his avarice. His very vanity is made to put on the guise of meek-

ness and religion. Such exaggerations of this character as are given us in the writings of Mr. DICKENS, lead us to doubt whether he does not equally exaggerate in the sufferings of his poor.—“The Chimes!” we may say, in conclusion, is very far inferior to the “Christmas Carol” of last year. That little story was quite a gem in literary respects. This is nothing in comparison, will be read with languor, and laid aside with indifference.

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THE NETILLES OF GARRETSTOWN. HARPER & BROTHERS.

Two numbers of a new story—a tale of 1760—by the author of Charles O'Malley. The story begins well. The scene is laid in Ireland,—a region with which the author has proved his sufficient familiarity.

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MISS SEDGWICK'S TALES. HARPER & BROTHERS.

A SECOND series of the Tales and Sketches of Miss SEDGWICK, containing ‘Milton Harvey,’ and several other smaller narratives. Miss SEDGWICK is one of our favorites. She manages a tale with exquisite skill, and is so liberal in her philosophies, so correct in her tastes, so genial in her moods, and so altogether superior in most respects to most of the female, and many of the male writers of our country, that we think it very safe to commend her writings, generally, to all readers, without hesitation, as they severally appear. This story of ‘Milton Harvey’ is a very interesting, and, like all of her stories, a very moral one. ‘Daniel Prime’ we read with great pleasure many years ago. The slight sketches which make up the rest of this volume, are of inferior interest, but belong properly to the collection, as maintaining its general characteristics of good sense, good taste, and a just humanity.

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CAMPBELL'S RHETORIC. HARPER & BROTHERS. 1845.

THIS is a work of acknowledged merit, and belongs properly to the series of which BURKE's noble essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, and ALISON's essay on Taste, are well known samples. The publishers are doing well in giving us new and handsome editions of these excellent treatises, of which it is enough to say, that they are incomparably the best, on their several subjects, that have ever been given to the English reader, and absolutely necessary to the Belles-Lettres studies of all who would appreciate the nice proprieties of composition—the arts of eloquence, and thought, and verse—what is beautiful, and imposing, or what is simply fit and appropriate.

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SYLVESTER SOUND, THE SOMNAMBULIST. BURGESS, STRINGER & Co.

THE author of this amusing narrative, HENRY COCKTON, is better known as the author of ‘Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist,’ ‘Stanley Thorne,’ and ‘George St.

George Julian, the Prince.' He is a lively sketcher, particularly good at the delineation of infirmities. This is a mirth-provoking volume. There is considerable ingenuity in the management of the 'Somnambulist' by which, while he bedevils the whole neighborhood, not only is he unsuspected by his victims, but even by himself. The character of Tom Delolme is particularly good, and his abuse of language delightful. Read as a book of mere fun, 'Sylvester Sound' will hardly disappoint the hypochondriac.

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TALES FROM THE GERMAN. HARPER & BROTHERS.

A VERY good selection, full of ingenuity and fancy. There are specimens here from MUSÆUS, SCHILLER, HOFFMAN, VANDERVELDE, IMMERMAN, VON SKLEIT, and HAUFF—the three first among the acknowledged classics of Germany, the latter highly promising, but too recently known to have yet arrived at the fullness of their fame. Of WILHELM HAUFF, one of the contributors to this miscellany, the reader may learn something more from a late paper in the Southern Quarterly Review, which speaks in high terms of his endowments. He has two tales in this collection, "The Cold Heart" and "Gose, the Dwarf," both highly imaginative,—the latter fantastically so, and something after the fashion of the Arabian Nights. The reviewer speaks of the author as dying young, at the early age of twenty-five.

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NEW-YORK GLEE BOOK.

THE title page to this book, which is a very long one, and which we shall not quote, is made to speak for itself. We are glad that it does so, for the Gods have not made us musical, and we should be somewhat at a loss to pronounce an independent judgment upon the volume which it introduces to our acquaintance. Resting upon the authority of others, we should however suppose that no work could better meet the objects for which is designed. MR. GEO. LODER, the compiler, enjoys an unquestioned reputation in our great metropolitan city; and his publishers, the LANGELEY's, have the rare merit of seldom getting up bad books. As a specimen of typography, merely, the volume is very grateful to the eye, and duly significant, we take for granted, of those other merits,—not in our ear perhaps—but clear enough, upon trial, to the more melodious ears of the public.

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ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC AND LITERARY CRITICISM, with copious practical exercises and examples. Compiled and arranged by J. R. BOYD, A. M., New-York: HARPER & BROTHERS. 1845.

MR. BOYD might have been at better business, with much less disparagement to his understanding. He certainly knows as little of the thing he proposes to teach, as the veriest hodman of the faculty. Doubtless, he is good at the rod, but by what mistake has he been led to fancy that he could be more. As an usher, having charge of the lower form, he may do very well, but this setting forth elements of rhetoric, by his hands, is most shocking pretension. This volume is a sorry piece of patchwork, compiled almost wholly from other sources, and those not the best. The compiler shows himself almost as deficient in his reading as in his capacity. The book is something worse than worthless.